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# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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VOL. XII.—MARCH, 1877.—No. 71.

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## THE ROYAL PLACITUM—PLACET—EXEQUATUR.

THE Royal *Placitum*, or *Placet*, is one of the protean shapes in which the State Almighty of our day pretends to interfere in the government of the Church, to her no trifling vexation. We beg leave to introduce the reader to the arrogant enormity, apprising him, at the same time, by way of explanation for the unpleasant introduction, that the time has come when Catholics should make themselves conversant with many things affecting the Church, which hitherto formed the exclusive knowledge of the clergy. But the world is on the inquiry now, and though it professes to be very materialistic, yet it dabbles in theology and everything therewith connected, proximately and remotely. Our dogmas are scrutinized, our ecclesiastical history con-  
ned over attentively, and our disciplinary canons carefully examined, not for the instruction of the people, but for the destruction of the Church. The secular powers especially take an obtrusive interest in ecclesiastical matters, some in virtue of the assumption that the Church is a dependency of the State, others, that she is a mere abstraction, and all of them that she is a dangerous polit-

ical organization, ambitious of supreme dominion. Perhaps it was in view of this last consideration, that the Royal *Placitum* or *Exequatur* was excogitated. We purpose to examine its nature and origin, and having accomplished this much, we shall have also established how illegitimate is its existence, and how not inapposite the appellation we gave it in the beginning, an arrogant enormity. Let us examine the etymology of the terms. *Placitum* is a Latin word, signifying that which is agreeable, pleasant, and comes from the verb *placeo*, I please; whence *placet*, he, she, or it pleases. It is the old Latin form, used to signify assent to any proposition. The word *exequatur* literally means, let him act, or, in the case here at issue, let it take effect.

Bernard Van Espen, a notorious Jansenist of the eighteenth century, and a cringing regalist, may be regarded as the parent of the Royal *Placitum* or *Placet*. He defines his offspring as *the faculty which the civil authority grants to Pontifical Bulls and Briefs, and to all the other acts of the ecclesiastical authority, to take effect within its dominions.* To

this he subjoins a definition of the right of the *Placitum*. He calls it, *the right of defence against the attempts of the Church, naturally residing in the political authority, by virtue of which it declares without effect those Pontifical Bulls and Briefs, and any other act whatever of the ecclesiastical authority, to which the above-mentioned faculty has not been granted*. This zealot for royal prerogatives went so far as to apply the *Placitum* even to the dogmatical constitutions of the Roman Pontiffs. Theoretically there is no distinction between the *Placitum* and the *Exequatur*. They are one and the same in principle. Practically, however, the *Exequatur* is the more aggravating insult of the two to the divine authority and independence of the Church. We will instance this distinction, and we cannot better do so than by examining the *Placitum* in action. When the Roman Pontiff appoints a Bishop, the right of the *Placitum* exacts from him that he present the Bulls of appointment to the civil authorities of the place before he takes possession, or exercises any of his functions. Should he neglect or refuse to do this, not only is he deprived of his benefices, but the law will not recognize any of his acts, say the appointment of a parish priest, and hence, neither the acts of the latter, which have any reference to the civil department, such as marriages and baptisms. The evil to be avoided was sufficiently great to induce the Holy See to tolerate the presentation of the Bulls to the lay authorities. These, for the most part, contented themselves with recognizing the authenticity of the pontifical acts, which came to be regarded as the credentials, so to say, of the newly-appointed bishop, or ordinance proclaimed. But the *Exequatur* is still more exacting. Not only must the Papal Bulls, Briefs, and ecclesiastical acts be submitted to the secular authorities, but the intolerable indignity is superadded of

covering the seal of the Fisherman's Ring with that of the king. Nay more, for the infliction of such an outrage the ecclesiastical authorities must present a formal petition to the government, written on stamped paper, which is doubly taxed by the addition of an internal revenue stamp. It is thus in Italy.

This much premised on the distinction of terms, we can proceed to examine the nature of the *Placitum*. Its nature is in this, that no act of the ecclesiastical authority which is to affect the public can have effect unless the secular authority permits. Cardinal Tarquini very aptly compares the Church in this predicament to Lazarus in his grave-vesture, when the power of God had evoked him from the sepulchre. He was bound hand and foot, and awaited the charity of the bystanders to unswathe him, before he could begin to make use of or enjoy the life given back to him. The *Placitum* binds the Church hand and foot, and gags her mouth, so that she cannot even mutter, until she appear before the pursy and conceited syndic of a village, to ask, by her abject appearance and downcast eyes, the power of speech. The basis or foundation of the *Placitum* is conceived by the regalists to be a *natural right against the attempts of the Church*. They very frequently call it the *Jus cavendi*—the right to beware—against the Church! There is more fiendish malice couched in that phrase, *Jus cavendi*, than in the fiery edicts of a Nero, a Diocletian, or a Caracalla, proclaiming the extirpation of the Christians. Her situation is the worst that can be conceived. She is suspected—not unlike the reclining Cerberus, who blinks peaceably enough, indeed, from a doorstep at the passers-by, but whose character is declared to them in the damning inscription beside him, *Cave canem!*—or like one of those bulls that were driven around the walls of ancient Rome, with their great horns swad-



dled in hay, and supporting between them the flaming classic placard: HVNC TV, ROMANE, CAVE TO! (Roman, look out for this fellow!) A strange situation for the worthy spouse of the meekest of men! "But that you may perceive more clearly"—we are quoting the illustrious Tarquini—"the nature of the *Placitum*, place before your eyes the mother of a family, living at home with her children. For to nothing better than the mother of a family can the Church be compared. Such indeed she is. By her side you behold her children, into whose ears and hearts the icy spirit of this discipline of the *Placitum* is assiduously insinuating itself; hence their minds are perpetually beset with diffidence in this domestic shadow; hence with fear and trembling they behold every gesture, every movement of their mother. Does she sit at table and present a cup to her offspring? Beware, lest it be mixed with poison. Does she call her children about her to advise them? Prick your ears, consider every word; evil designs may lurk couchant underneath. Does she embrace her offspring? O fly from her; she has a dagger concealed under her gown! Not unlike a man with a suspicious countenance, who enters at a city gate. He is interrogated, his passport is examined, his person searched, and he is finally brought before the magistrate, and all this for the safety of the State; so the Church, our mother, according to the theory of the *Placitum*, being open to suspicion, as who should plot for the destruction of her own children, must be carried before the authorities as often as she publishes anything for the government of her flock—that the meal of the empire be provided for, forsooth!"

The advocates of the Royal *Placitum* consider it as a right, naturally inherent in the secular authority. Now if it be naturally inherent in, it must, of necessity, be co-original and coexistent with the secular authority.

That which is natural to any being begins to exist with it, ceases to exist with it. The natural rights of man cannot be alienated. They are attributes of his manhood. Violence may interfere with their exercise, but no power of earth can hinder their existence. It is the same with the right of any constituted society, with any government having a legitimate existence. If, then, this right of the *Placitum* is natural to governments, we ought to be able to find traces of it away back at the beginning of constituted secular authority, or at least, at the beginning of the Church's existence. But the historian will seek in vain through the course of fourteen centuries for anything bearing the remotest resemblance to the Royal *Placitum*. Tarquini says, that the Royal *Placitum* sprang from an association of ideas, and in explanation of this, he cites a passage from the Bull of Pope Martin V, *quod antidota*, which narrates that "Urban VI (1378–1389) had granted to certain prelates, that in their cities and dioceses some apostolic letters could not be carried into execution unless such letters be first presented to the prelates themselves, or to their officials, and approved by them." This approval was called *Vidimus* (we have seen), or *Placet*. It is hardly necessary to observe, that this cannot be cited as an example of the *Placitum* in its modern quiddity. It may be called an *ecclesiastical Placitum*. However, it suggested the idea of the Royal *Placitum* which appeared in France in the year 1381, when the Duke of Anvers, then administrator of the realm, ordered the imprisonment of the Rector of the University of Paris, because he permitted the letters of Pope Urban VI, which called the refractory duke to obedience, to be read in public. This example of the *Placitum*, however, has one very extenuating circumstance connected with it; the act of prohibiting the reading of the Pontifical letters is

not to be attributed to a sacrilegious ambition of the Duke of Anvers to hamper the action of the Church, but rather to a laudable zeal in preserving her unity, for he regarded Urban VI as an antipope, as did nearly all France at that time. A similar instance is narrated of Martin, King of Sicily, who, before setting out to Aragon in 1405, gave orders that no Pontifical Bull or Brief or letter should be allowed to go into execution, until it had been seen and approved by the queen. But he too regarded Pope Boniface IX as an intruder, and not as the legitimate successor to the Pontifical throne. We pass over a similar example in France in 1399, in which not only the secular authority, but the clergy also were implicated, and another in Lusitania, about the same time, both of which bear reference to a number of spurious Bulls and Pontifical constitutions, which were being published to the no little scandal and detriment of the faithful. For a genuine example of the Royal *Placitum* we must come down to the fifteenth century, when John II, King of Portugal, established, that the apostolic letters should not be published in his kingdom before they had received the approbation of his chancellor. He received a severe rebuke for this interference, first from Pope Sixtus IV, and afterwards from Innocent VIII, in his Brief *Olim*, dated February 3d, 1486. He received it like a docile son of the Church, and revoked his order. The next example of the *Placitum* is attributed to the Duke of Complutum, who promulgated the examination of the apostolic letters at Naples in 1561. He was excommunicated by St. Pius V. Though he gave his submission afterwards, and abrogated the *Placitum*, still the evil had taken such deep root that it continued to show itself from time to time in the kingdom of Naples down to the present century. From Naples we pass to France, where, on the 6th of

May, 1665, a decree was promulgated establishing the *Placet*. From France the innovation spread into Savoy, and appeared in a royal edict, dated June 6th, 1719—an edict which Clement XI condemned immediately in the celebrated Bull *Apostolatus*. Of Germany, Jung writes, that no traces of the existence of the *Placitum* can be found anterior to the seventeenth century, and these are so languid and uncertain, that they can only be termed the mere shadows of the *Placitum*. He concludes that no positive instance can be found before the days of the Royal *Sacristan*, Joseph II. Spain, under Philip V, furnishes us with the next instance. He found, however, a valiant opponent in the illustrious Cardinal Belluga. This worthy follower of the great Osius appeared one day before the king, and said: "It is not lawful for thee," and with characteristic clearness he proved his assertion. Then approaching the throne, he tapped it gently, and said in a whisper, "*Non expedit tibi*"—it is not expedient for thee—and he proceeded to show from history how the Lord never permitted his Spouse to be insulted with impunity. Spain herself, in the thousand vicissitudes which harassed her from the first day of her pretending to interfere in church matters, bore the marks of God's vengeance about her. Turning our eyes to Belgium in the eighteenth century, we encounter the figure of Van Espen with the edicts of Guicciardini in his hand, the which, quoth he, establish the fact, that the *Placitum* is of ancient existence, and founded in truth and justice. A true Jansenist, he was a court sycophant, a creature who, in these days of *Reptile Funds*, would be regaled with the daintiest cates at the banquets of ministerial incense-bearers. He explored ecclesiastical antiquity in search of monuments attestative of the legitimacy of what ambitious royalty itself had hitherto regarded as an abortion. He only



evoked skeletons of precedents, commentitious documents, which could not bear the daylight of sound criticism. So they slunk from observation, even before the death of their conjuror, not, however, until they had left the evil seed behind them, which unfortunately took root in the privy chambers of princes, and sprang into a powerful and extended existence throughout Europe in the still more monstrous form of the Royal *Exequatur*. Such is the origin and history of the Royal *Placitum*, which is universally and unanimously characterized by canonists as an intolerable error.

The Church has declared it such from the very beginning of her existence, first by implication, and afterwards in an explicit manner. What is the Royal *Placet* after all, but the repetition of the old story, Cæsar prying into and meddling with the affairs of God? What but the *Placitum* did that sterling hero of ecclesiastical liberty, St. Athanasius, condemn, in his oration against the first regalists in Church history, the Arians? "Many synods," said he, "have been convoked hitherto; many decrees of the Church have been published, but the fathers never suggested such things to the emperor; never did the emperor pry curiously into ecclesiastical matters, a new spectacle which has been invented by the Arian heresy." But Lucifer Calaritanus comes more closely to the point in his celebrated address to the Emperor Constantius. "Prove that thou hast been appointed judge over us; prove that thou hast been made emperor for this, that thou, by the force of thy arms, shouldst bring us to the will of thy friend, the devil. But thou canst not prove it, because it is commanded thee, not only not to domineer over the bishops, but to obey their statutes; in such a manner that, shouldst thou attempt to undermine their decrees, shouldst thou be taken in pride, thou shalt die the death.

How canst thou say that to thee it belongs to judge the bishops, whom, if thou obeyest not, thou art already, as far as God is concerned, condemned to death? Since these things are so, why dost thou, who art not of God's domestic, assume this authority over the priest?" Theodorus Studita delivers a similar objurcation: "Do not dissolve, O emperor, the ecclesiastical order! For the Apostle says, the Lord has constituted in his Church some apostles, some prophets, others evangelists, and others pastors and doctors for the consummation of saints; but he did not add kings. To thee, O emperor, is committed the political state and the army; take care of these. But leave the Church to the pastors and rectors according to the Apostle."

We might accumulate testimonies at pleasure, which are an implicit condemnation of the *Placitum*. But it would be supererogatory; besides, we are not proving a thesis. Our purpose is simply to make the reader acquainted with this form of persecution which is so harassing to the Church nowadays. Yet we are not without the confidence, that to know it well is to perceive its injustice, supposing for the moment that the Church had never condemned it, either implicitly or explicitly. Think you, however, that the Roman Pontiffs have quietly tolerated this evil since it has taken a positive and durable form, without publishing explicitly what the teaching of the Church is in the matter? Not to speak of the condemnation of the Duke of Complutum by St. Pius V, of the congregations of Gregory XIII, held on this matter, of a decree of the Propaganda, published October 2d, 1675, and of two decrees of the Holy Office, there are nine pontifical constitutions of so many Roman Pontiffs which anathematize, as an intolerable error, the doctrine that the right of the *Placitum* is to be considered among the naturally inherent rights of the secular authority. We would mention

here, by the way, that the government of Italy has of late insisted so strenuously on the necessity of bishops asking for the *Exequatur*, as to make it an indispensable condition to their entering upon the duties of their ministry. Hitherto, the only penalty incurred by the new incumbents for not asking the *Exequatur* was the withdrawal of the stipend paid by the State. This, however, was a trifling loss to men of apostolic spirit. On the other hand, the charity of the Holy Father supported them in default of the secular contributions. But now, despite the crying injustice of the act, and in direct contradiction to an article in the Law of the Papal Guarantees, which says: "*The Exequatur and Royal Placet, and every other form of governmental assent for the publication and execution of the acts of the ecclesiastical authority are abolished,*"—the government demands, under penalty of a legal nullification of the public acts of the ecclesiastical ministry, the postulation of the *Exequatur*. In this juncture, which, as the reader will easily perceive, is a direct hindrance of the exercise of the ecclesiastical ministry, the Italian bishops addressed a *quæsitum* to the Holy Office of Rome, asking what was to be done, or, considering the circumstances, was it lawful for them to ask for the *Exequatur*? The Congregation of the Holy Office published the response on the 29th of November, 1876. It was in these terms: *Tolerari posse*; it can be tolerated. It is a question of saving souls.

But the law of nature cries out against such an arbitrary use of power. Were there never such an institution as human laws to regulate the relations between man and man, between one society and another, nature herself would reason thus: Neither the Church nor the civil power has a right to exercise the *Placitum*, each over the other. If in my soul I suspect a man to have designs upon my life or property, the

very most I can do, at least until I have palpable and unimpregnable proofs of his evil designs, is to be on my guard. But I dare not kill him. Neither can I imprison him; no more than can the laws of any country, however despotic its form of government, incarcerate a subject, simply because there is a possibility of his offending against them. It would be the excess of tyranny. But, setting aside these considerations, let us glance at the law of the gospel; and by the law of the gospel here, we do not mean to designate that precept of charity, and love, and mutual forbearance, concerning which the All-charitable, the All-loving, and the All-forgiving was divinely eloquent, but that other law, the constitution of Christianity, which makes us children of a common parent, the Church. The very conception of a Church excludes the idea of a *Placitum* or secular interference. The power of binding and loosing, of extending and restricting, was given to the Apostles alone. The princes of this world were not alluded to, except in the light of persecutors. For the rest, the Divine Founder comprised them in the universal obedience to be given to the Apostles and to their successors, couched in the "Teach all nations," and in that other declaration commendatory and condemnatory, "He that heareth you, heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me." One consideration more. The Royal *Placitum* has been imposed upon the Church by Catholic princes, her own children. They have stood up to judge her, they have bound her, they punish her. What is this but a matricide, against which nature spiritualized cries to heaven for vengeance with a vehemence, and an efficacy, too, impossible to the ordinary relationship of blood between mother and children? We assert no paradox, but speak as Christians; the relationship between Mother Church and her children is dearer and more



sacred than that existing between a human mother and her offspring, as the life for which she nourishes them is more important and more lasting. Therefore, sanctified nature execrates this matricide, and with holy indignation exclaims, with the Romans of old, *Parricidarum pœnas, robur et saxum!* In the old Roman laws it was a received maxim: "*Leges ERVBESCUNT correctores patrum filios facere;*" the laws blush to institute children the correctors of their fathers. And Pascal II, in his letter to Henry, King of England, expressed a similar sentiment regarding the Church, in deprecating the pretensions of the king in ecclesiastical matters: *Nec enim decet ut a filio mater in servitutem abducatur;* nor

does it become a son to lead his mother into slavery. But the rulers of to-day have forgotten these maxims, as they have forgotten those of justice. They have forgotten the groanings of their Mother, and have conspired against her, who always defended their birthright. Her Bridegroom is a witness of her reproach, and will comfort her in good time. But even now, her unnatural sons are bearing the marks of their degradation about them. They have lost their birthright, and have become mere *constitutional* creatures, pitiful sufferances, staggering under an incubus more degrading still than that which they imposed upon the Church. We would call it the *Popular Placitum*.

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## ORVIETO.

THAT last glimpse of Saint Peter's on the way to Orvieto! How like a vision it lingered in the blue of that Italian distance; a thing of heaven rather than of earth. And when the near hills, with their olive groves and vineyards, came between it and us, we realized how much grandeur had passed into our lives, not only from the sight of it, but from our fealty to its traditions.

We were still under the exaltation of this sublime moment in the life of a pilgrim to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, when the old fortified Etruscan town of Orvieto came in sight. As we step from the car, what views open before us, through arches which seem to have no other use than to frame in those pictures of magnificent mountain ranges and valleys slumbering in the noonday sun of July; while on the other hand rise the heights of Orvieto, empurpled in their own delicious atmos-

phere, terraced with verdure and crowned by its Duomo!

Nor is this enchantment of distance broken, as we ascend the heights by a road which has not one steep angle, so carefully has it been graded. The eye is drawn, first by the distance below us, then by the heights above us, without knowing which to lose for the other. Here is a tower we must remember to sketch; and before this is fairly passed another object has charmed the eye. All at once we have entered the gate, and our wheels are rumbling over narrow, paved streets, between tumbling-down old houses and crumbling palace fronts. The world of beauty, all around Orvieto, seems to be suddenly shut out from us. Our spirits fall. Is this the Orvieto we have heard of, read of, dreamed of? The swift turns of the heavy vehicle around the corners make us dizzy, a little sick, in truth; and we begin to

think how tired we are, when another turn of the street brings us, face to face, with what! our dream? Yes, and still more, with the reality of our dream, and with a reality so far surpassing it, that all we have heard or read shows dull before it. For, here, as fresh as the New Jerusalem sent down from heaven to her Bridegroom, stands the facade of the Cathedral of Orvieto, in all the beauty of its unfading mosaics, its untarnished gold and venerable sculptures. No need of guide-books to tell us that at last we are before the Duomo of Orvieto.

We have time to exclaim joyfully not more than once, when we find the sunny square has been crossed. Again we plunge into the gloom of narrow streets and tall towers with sculptured armorial bearings, into the medley of shops, and artisans and cooks, of peasants in costumes and donkeys with panniers. Every street seems to have been built on a curve, and it is with a sense of relief roughly earned, that we find ourselves driving into the courtyard of the Albergo delle Belle Arti. But what a profound quiet reigns through these wide halls, and up and down these solemn flights of stone stairs. "Is every one enjoying a siesta?" we ask ourselves. Meanwhile one flight of stairs and a hall overlooking the courtyard, bring us to apartments, spacious, scrupulously clean, with open fireplaces and high ceilings. What could we ask more? But when we step to the windows, we find ourselves so near the neighboring house across the street that we can almost shake hands with the inmates. It is a pleasant-looking house, and a pot of carnations, in full bloom, stands in the open lattice. But for all that, we seem to be in a prison, "We must go up higher; where we can have some off-look," we say impatiently.

"Signora will find none," remarks the civil attendant. But we are not convinced; and the light feet

of our companion willingly climb story after story only to find the same neighbors, the same pot of blossoming carnations; and we are forced to believe we shall never see the sky, so long as we remain in our Orvieto apartments. In half an hour dinner is served, and served for us two with as much care as if for a full *table d'hôte*. This over, we make no delay in threading the narrow, shaded streets back to the cathedral, to find its beauties breaking upon the eye with the same startling radiance as at first.

"Like nothing in the world but the festal page of an illuminated missal!" we say, again and again, as we stand opposite this facade, which embodies the faith and piety, as well as the imagination and skill of an efflorescent period of art. How like spikes of flowering plants those Gothic pinnacles, with their leafy finials, spring up into the air. But see! on those topmost ones are angels; or, are they saints? saints, no longer bending under the crosses of mortality, but buoyant with the joys of a celestial state, and pausing on these airy pinnacles like birds in a flight between heaven and earth. What a weaving in and out of black basalt and of cream-white marble, which, by dwelling together for centuries, have lost both blackness and whiteness, and blend to the eye only as light and shadow, while niche and column, mosaic and sculpture, rose-window and relief form a unit of inconceivable beauty against this tender blue sky, and the mountains lying off in a dreamy haze.

It was long before we could make up our minds to leave this facade, which seemed born of sunshine as much as any flower of the field. But the doors standing open so invitingly prevailed, and with a feeling like those who sang the fifteen gradual psalms, as they mounted the fifteen steps of the temple, we passed up these steps of alternate white and purple Apennine marble. We had



resolved not to linger on the threshold, but who can pass these reliefs on either hand without pausing? For here are represented, in spaces divided by branches of the vine, symbol of the mystical vine of the Church, the history of man from the creation to the last judgment; not that exterior history of man which regards his civilization, but a history of the interior, universal man, in his relations to God and to eternity. We have seen the Loggia of Raphael, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where these same subjects are treated in fresco with a sublimity we can never forget. But, wonderful as they are, we turn now to the predecessors, and in a certain sense the teachers, of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, and realize that we have come nearer to the traditions of the Pentateuch, Gospels, and Apocalypse, by more than even the two hundred years intervening between John of Pisa, Lorenzo di Maitani, the scenic artists who worked in Rome and Albano under his inspirations, and the masters of the Loggia, Stanze, and Cappella, of the Vatican. If on the ceiling by Michael Angelo the Creator, by a touch of his own omnipotent finger, is seen to give life to the inanimate form of the first man, with what paternal tenderness is he seen in this sculptured pilaster at Orvieto to lay his hand on the head of the newly created man, as if giving him the paternal benediction! These angels, too, are no strange beings in a world foreign to their own. With their feet just lifted from the earth, they come a single pair to our first parent, talking together of his happy destiny. This sculptured Eden is full of the most delicate sympathy, of the most exalted love. In the creation of Eve, and even in the expulsion from Eden, it is the Father rather than the Creator, whom we see, while the vines are in the full exuberance of summer. We pass from one pilaster to another, to wonder at the fertility

of imagination which marks each group, until we come to the Last Judgment, where the vines are found to be weighed down with fruit, and only here and there a shrivelled leaf. In these planes, one above another, are given the mystery of the resurrection from the dead, the awful depths of hell, the condemned passing with lamentations and gestures of despair to their place of punishment; and, in contrast to all this, the joy of the newly awakened just, and their gratitude for their happy sentence. There is a wonderful solitariness expressed by the condemned. Huddled together in their misery there is still no companionship, no sympathy for each other's distress. Each one is occupied with his own. The wicked spirits who receive and welcome them to this dreary abode, are their tormentors not their companions. But how charming are the relations between the redeemed and their angel guardians! With what gratitude do those who have received a happy judgment kneel at the feet of their guides through all the perils of mortality; and then, in what a delighted intercourse do they pass onward together to heaven! Here, indeed, is that companionship which the Church calls "the communion of saints." They are dear members of our household, that of the Heavenly Father!

Days would not suffice to study all these groups; but, happily, their story is told with such simplicity that "he who runs may read;" and even on a first visit we can enter into the spirit of the designs. How admirable, too, the framing in of these sculptures, the weaving of these themes into the gorgeous web of colors above! The columns which adorn the three portals are carried, like coils of the most delicate marble, over the entire arch of each door, taking along in their grooves a mere thread of mosaic, caught in with them like a string of brilliant gems, which now flashes into light,

now falls into shadow; the columns themselves, divided from each other by flat spaces, filled alternately with mosaics and knobs of acanthus leaves, giving an elaborate beauty to this story of the facade altogether unique, and allowing the eye to pass with delight from the colorless sculptures of the pilasters to the glowing splendence of the upper stories.

How easily do we credit, in the actual presence of these wonders of skill, the touching narrative of that devoted Christian architect, Lorenzo di Maitani, who, during forty consecutive years, according to M. Rio, labored to beautify this reliquary of the Corporal of Bolsena, which was to him instead of a country; and who, when compelled to make short absences to Siena or Perugia, whose cathedrals were constructed under his care, still returned to his dear summit at Orvieto with renewed ardor. It is from M. Rio, too, that we have learned the several artists to whom we are indebted for the sculptured pilasters. All the bronzes must be given to Lorenzo himself. The Last Judgment he gives to John of Pisa; but the Creation, so redolent with the joys of a newborn paradise and the innocent happiness of our first parents, he gives to those Sienese artists who modelled in Rome and its neighborhood under the influence of the grandest works of sculpture in the world; to whom Lorenzo was a master, and also, as we have said, an inspiration.

But what of the interior of this temple to which such varied beauties are merely the exterior?

On a summer afternoon, the sun not only pours its light through the three front portals, but through the western window, set with alabaster instead of glass, thus sending a mellow radiance through the upper arches of the grand nave. And how grand and how serene that nave is! At first, it seems cold and almost bare, compared with the gorgeous exterior; but in a few moments the eye measures

both length and height;\* takes in the majesty of the vast arches, and their columns of black basalt and cream-white marble, with gigantic statues of the Apostles at their base. A repose, such as only grand spaces, comparatively bare, can inspire, takes possession of the soul. The mind, undistracted by multiplicity, dwells calmly on everything before it. The floor, so often elaborately set with colored marbles, is here of an even tint, and the eye is free to explore the very depths of this sanctuary, all aglow with its stained glass, and its frescoes, from the very stalls in the choir to the height of the lofty arch. On the right is that wonderful chapel, to which Fra Angelico and Luca Signorelli draw so many feet; but to the left is the one which has been drawing our own, steadily but surely, from the time we set foot on Italian soil. It is, in truth, the very soul of the cathedral itself, for this wonder of art was designed as a receptacle for the relic which gives its name to the chapel: Cappella del Santissimo Corporale.

The Bleeding Host of Bolsena is a name familiar to every Roman sightseer, as it makes one of the subjects treated by Raphael on the walls of the Stanza d'Eliodoro. Its story, which has passed into theological works on the Holy Eucharist, and even into the treatise on the Mass by our own Father Muller, C. S. S. R., reads thus:

In the year 1263 a Bohemian priest was celebrating Mass in a church at Bolsena. This priest had a serious doubt concerning the doctrine of transubstantiation. Perhaps this doubt had come over him more actively than usual, and in a way to make consecration a sacrilege, a grievous wound to the most tender heart of our Lord; for, straightway, as he holds the newly consecrated host in his hands, drops of blood start from its sacred pores; and when, in his fright, he lays down the host,

\* 97 yards long, 35 yards wide, and 111 feet high.



it leaves a perfect impression of itself, in blood, on the snow-white corporal; while the acolytes and the kneeling faithful are witnesses not only to the agitation of the celebrant but to its cause.

As to the celebrant himself, with the pious horror of that moment, faith had entered his heart. Without consuming the consecrated elements, he hastened to Orvieto, and threw himself at the feet of Pope Urban IV, who was there in exile; confessed his doubts, and narrated the miracle. The Pope lost no time in sending the Bishop of Orvieto to Bolsena, to bring thence the host and the corporal; and then, with all the clergy of Orvieto, met the prelate on his return at a bridge some miles distant from the city, and received the sacred deposit from his hands.

Under the inspirations promised to his office, the Pope recognized in this occurrence a strictly supernatural fact, demanding a special act of thanksgiving from the Christian world. Without delay he instituted the feast of Corpus Christi, to honor our Lord in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and also called upon Thomas Aquinas, the angel of the schools,\* to compose an office for this feast. The response made by Saint Thomas to this call was one of the most sublime offices of the Church liturgy, to which we owe those hymns so dear to every Catholic heart, so familiar to every Catholic ear: "Pange Lingua," "Sacris Solemniis," "Verbum Supernum," and "Lauda Sion."

But this was not all. The Pontiff, exiled from Rome, like many another exiled pontiff, showed to the world how superior are the prerogatives of a successor to Saint Peter and the Vicegerent of Christ himself, to all and every circumstance of time and of place. Not only should another feast grace the ecclesiastical

year, and that a feast of such beauty and majesty of ceremonial as to resemble a triumph; not only should another office be a well-spring of devotion to the faithful, but he would crown this fair summit of Orvieto with a temple as unique in its beauty and inspiring in its decorations as the feast could suggest.

The solemnity of Corpus Christi was celebrated by Pope Urban IV, in person, with great pomp, at Orvieto, on the first Thursday after the Octave of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord 1264. This great Pope, however, having died at Perugia the following year, the celebration of the new festival was interrupted, until Pope Clement V, nearly forty years after, enforced the bull of Urban IV, which is pronounced to be a masterpiece of learning and piety, enforced it not only in Italy, but throughout the world.\*

In 1344 Pope Clement VI granted an indulgence to those who should visit Orvieto with the intention of venerating the Holy Corporal; and we see Pope Gregory XI, forty years later, granting still further indulgences to those who should assist at the works on this cathedral. "There," we are told, "were to be seen citizens of all classes co-operating, besides multitudes of pilgrims, who, after attending religious services, would spend the rest of the day in doing what they could to help the masons, stonecutters, or other artisans at the sacred building. Persons of good condition carried burdens on their shoulders; and those who could not do rough work, brought drink or food to the laborers, enabling them thus to refresh themselves without leaving the spot.

\* In establishing this feast, neither Urban IV nor Clement V can be supposed to have forgotten the revelations on this subject made to a holy religious (of the order of Citeaux, named Julienne), and to another holy person called Eve, who lived as a recluse near the church of Saint Martin in Liège, by reason of which a festival in honor of the Blessed Sacrament had been appointed for that diocese. No event stands alone: but we must still date the solemnity of Corpus Christi to Urban IV and to Orvieto.

\* Saint Thomas, at this time, was professor of philosophy at Orvieto.

Companies of artists were sent to seek and to work the most suitable marbles at Rome, Siena, and Corneto.\* Thus embellished with all which art and piety could devise, the cathedral was consecrated by the cardinal bishop of the See, November 13th, 1677. Are we surprised, after recalling these supernatural motives, at the perfection of their result? Or, are we surprised to find the signs of the Eucharistic presence unmistakably brilliant in the chapel devoted to the relic which furnished the motive for the entire cathedral? The wrought-iron gate, which divides this chapel from the transept, is closed; but we kneel outside, conscious that we are before one of those shrines towards which all hearts and all steps should turn from a motive higher even than veneration—with supreme adoration! If there is one spot in the world which, more than all others, can confirm a wavering faith in the dogma of transubstantiation, or glorify an humble faith in it to a seraphic joy, it is this chapel of the Holy Corporal. “Happy fingers,” we say to ourselves, “happy fingers, which deserved to weave the linen of this holy corporal! Happy fingers, which deserved to set the stitches in its narrow edge!” And yet just as happy are the fingers which have woven and stitched the plainest corporal used at the humblest altar in Christendom!

Six o'clock finds us again on our way to the cathedral for mass. But the narrow streets no longer oppress us by their gloom. There is a coolness in these morning shadows, a cheerfulness unlike any other in the day, and the people we meet on the street do not seem to look upon us as mere travellers. We wonder at first, and then remember that yesterday we had our red guide-book in our hands, this morning our morocco-covered missal. Yes, this is the secret of the half nod and smile

we meet from one and another, as we hasten to the cathedral. “Signora,” they seem to say, “is not going to the Duomo just to admire it; she goes there out of love to the Santissimo Corporale.”

How joyously we mount the steps of purple and white marble. We enter the side-door this morning just as we see others doing, and we follow those who enter before us. We are right; we knew they would take us to the Cappella del Santissimo Corporale. The gate in the wrought-iron grating is wide open, and we can hardly pause even to throw a glance into the solemn choir lighted up by the morning sun. Early as it is, one mass is nearly over. It has been one of our cherished wishes to receive holy communion in this chapel; so we wait for the next mass, and have time to study the frescoes which literally cover the walls. As in so many other chapels we have seen, these pictures seem to have been put on to the wall without any regard to effect or even to symmetry. They have not been painted as decorations, but to tell a story. Raphael's picture in the Stanza d'Eliodoro gives the one scene of the miracle at the altar. These pictures in the chapel at Orvieto dwell upon every circumstance of this great event, and bring out the secrets of all hearts, concerning the dogma of transubstantiation, and the occasion of the miracle as well as the miracle itself, and, finally, its effect, not only upon the people, but upon the head of the Church, Pope Urban, and the means taken by him to perpetuate the remembrance of the miracle to the glory of God in the Sacrament of the altar. What a preparation is thus given by the pencil of Ugolino di Prete for our own devout attendance at the next mass and for holy communion, and who can doubt that he told the story for this very end? In the midst of these pictorial records of the cathedral history stands the altar of choice marbles; but in place

\* Heman's History of Mediæval Christianity.



of the usual altarpiece is a tabernacle, to be reached only by a flight of steps at each end of a platform. This remarkable tabernacle contains the massive silver shrine in which the Holy Corporal is preserved. The shrine is four hundred pounds in weight, and was adorned, not by Ugolino di Prete, but Ugolino di Vieri, with twelve paintings in enamel, representing the Passion of our Lord, and the miracle of Bolsena. Thus, everything in this chapel bears upon the mystery of transubstantiation, and the very faces of the people around us are characterized by a serenity which comes only with exalted faith.

When we left the cathedral again and by its side-door, we found numbers of strangers enjoying their morning walk to and fro in the shadow of the Duomo. The view from the steps on this north side of the cathedral is simply delicious, with the light of early morning on the dark mountains clothed with forests, on the roofs of the picturesque town below, and kindling into beauty the old bell tower of San Dominico. A row of cottages facing this side of the cathedral, their tiled roofs stained with every tint of lichen, and their quaint doorways rich in shadows, makes the foreground of this picture, which we could not leave behind us without having sketched, and sketched, too, in water-colors; for what is anything in Orvieto without the glorious color which belongs to it as by a right of inheritance.

We took the advice of the custodian to devote the mornings we had to spend upon the cathedral. It is the only time that the paintings in the choir can be seen to advantage. They are by the same artist, Ugolino di Prete Ilario, to whom we owe the story pictured on the walls of the Cappella del Corporale, and are characterized by the same spirit of piety, and the same desire to tell his story so as to be understood. The life of the Blessed Virgin is in twenty-eight

compartments. Twenty-two of these are in two rows, extending from one side of the choir to the other, and take up the history from the expulsion of Saint Joachim from the temple to the finding of our Lord in dispute with the doctors. These subjects are treated with charming vivacity. The series is carried forward in the space above the eastern window, representing her dying interview with the Apostles, her death, burial, resurrection, and assumption, her coronation occupying a large lunette on the rounded ceiling of the choir. Three spaces, corresponding to this one, are filled by representations of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, each attended by angels. On the north and south walls the twelve Prophets are represented at full length, and below them the twelve Apostles, each holding in his hand a scroll containing the article which he contributed to the Apostles' Creed. Below all these, and immediately above the stalls of the choir, are represented, in a line of forty half-length figures, those fathers and doctors of the Church, who have honored the Blessed Virgin by titles or epithets of great beauty and excellence. It would be impossible to understand all these without the aid of something more than mere guide-books, so much have they suffered from time. But once understood, they give one an exalted idea of the strictly theological spirit in which art was practised in those ages. Again and again we were made to realize, that these pictures were not painted merely to adorn the walls, but, rather, to adorn the souls of those who worshipped before these altars with the cardinal virtues of faith, hope, charity, and to furnish their imaginations with the lovely imagery which the Church, through her gospels, epistles, and traditions, has preserved for the faithful, and which she is ever mindful to put before their eyes in ways which will attract their attention, fix them in their

memory, and produce fruit in their lives. It was when animated by such motives that art was the beautiful handmaid of religion, the illuminated book of the ignorant, and the inspiration of whole communities of holy religious in their quiet cells and shaded cloisters.

It is, indeed, in the midst of such vivid representations of supernatural events, that the canons of the cathedral of Orvieto have sung matins and lauds, prime, tierce, sext, none, vespers, and compline, for five hundred years.\* The stalls of these monastic canons are, in themselves, marvels of skilful woodwork. It would be impossible to give an idea, in words, of the delicacy and intricacy, the absolute minuteness, of these decorations in wood; light woods inlaid on dark, and dark woods inlaid on light; while the back of each stall bears a picture in different woods, which is no stiff caricature of its subject, but in several instances as nobly conceived and executed as if in stone. It would seem, indeed, as if the material signified nothing to the mind of these enthusiastic artists, their enthusiasm rendering all materials subservient to their ideas.

If we have lingered long before describing the chapel, which is supposed to be the principal attraction within the cathedral, it is not because we were slow to enter it. One returns again and again to this chapel, on the right of the choir, this Cappella di San Brizio, to which Michael Angelo came to study long before he was called upon to lay his brush to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. Like the Cappella del Corporale, and the choir, the best time to see its walls is the early morning. We no sooner enter this chapel, than we know that

art has overcome many difficulties, has learned much concerning its own capacities for expressing sublime ideas, since Ugolino di Prete painted in the choir and in the opposite chapel; for these pictures date nearly a century later.

Instinctively, our eyes turn to the vaulted ceiling, arch melting into arch to rise into a perfect whole; and there, confronting every soul which enters that gate, is Christ, in his awful beauty as the Judge of men. Seated on the clouds of heaven, with the clouds for his footstool, with rays of glory forming a circle of light around his entire person, he bears the round world on his knee, while his right hand is raised to summon before him the souls of "the quick and the dead." The space between this circle of light and the sides of the arch is filled with adoring angels. Ruskin says, these Etruscan painters treated Gothic arches like the inside of an inverted vase, suiting the subject to the space before them, and turning every accident of form to advantage. This was never more true than in the ceiling before us. The one figure of Christ with adoring angels filling this long compartment, we see in the high pointed arches around it, set close with pyramidal groups of saints—the prophets, doctors, confessors, virgins and martyrs—each group filling its own arch; noble, and at the same time pathetic figures, for they carry to heaven the glorious marks of their conflicts on earth. The whole ceiling is given to this celestial part of the last judgment; but only a small part of it was actually painted by Fra Angelico, which happened in this way.

The rulers of Orvieto agreed with Fra Angelico, on the 14th of June, 1447, to occupy his summer vacation, year by year, in painting this chapel of San Brizio, in fresco. He was to bring with him his pupil, Benozzo, and two assistants. He began immediately, and by the 28th

\* In all the monastic churches of Europe, as well as in the cathedrals, the Divine Office is sung in the *choir*, which is the space behind the high altar. This space is very large, and affords every opportunity for architectural and pictorial effects, as well as musical ones. In St. Peter's, however, the Office is sung in a side chapel of great magnificence.



of September, the three most southerly compartments in the groined ceiling of the chapel were completed, two by himself—the figure of our Lord and the group of prophets—the other by Benozzo. But just as the season's work had thus happily ended, one of his assistants, Antonio Giovanelli, fell from the scaffold and was killed. The gentle nature of the angelical friar never recovered from this shock, and he could not be induced to return to Orvieto. This disappointment was all the greater, as at this time Fra Angelico was at the height of his fame, having been invited to Rome by Nicholas V to paint that chapel in the Vatican which still bears the name of this great Pontiff; or, sometimes, that of the "golden chapel," on account of its splendor.

During fifty years the chapel of San Brizio remained unfinished, when it was decided that Luca Signorelli should complete the work. Taking up the solemn theme as it was left by the angelical friar, using his designs even for the continuation of the ceiling, the calm grandeur of the celestial vision is unbroken. But it is on the wall that Signorelli expresses that idea of the judgment of the wicked and their torments, which the *Inferno* of Dante had made familiar to all Italy, and which was in unison with the spirit of his own genius. Here we no longer see the poetic, meditative imagery of the cloister, but the awfully real impersonations of sin, which a mind as active as Signorelli's would find suggested by the nature of his subject. And first we see Antichrist preaching his falsehoods, and deluding the souls of men. Nor is this smooth-tongued Antichrist a monster to be dreaded. The figure, the countenance in its outline, the gracious fall of hair parted on the forehead, and the flowing draperies, are all easily mistaken, at first sight, as belonging to our Lord; and it is only upon a second look that we perceive the hypocritical semblance. Following

this preaching of Antichrist is the death of the wicked previous to the judgment, represented by a horrified group called the "Fulminati." Huge angels, with enormous wings, breathe columns of fire on these wretched beings; men and women, and women with babes in their arms! In vain do they try to evade the descending flames with which the very heavens are lurid. Each one is pursued, overtaken, struck with death, whether boldly defying, or cursing it in despair, or deprecatingly pleading for mercy; for the day of vengeance is come, the day of pitiless judgment. To this scene succeeds the resurrection. Two angels, giants in size and strength, appear on the clouds, blowing the trumpets of doom. And to this call what a response is made! Instantaneously, simultaneously, the newly awakened bodies and fleshless skeletons struggle again to birth from the solid clay. How they wrestle with the grassy turf which has covered them for centuries; all rising in expectation of a judgment from which they cannot flee, and which even the just have reason to dread, yet arising with the eager alacrity of beings new born!

For the heaven in this chapel we cast our eyes on the celestial groups of the ceiling; but here, on the walls, Signorelli compels the most unwilling to see what hell may be, and its tormenting demons. Horrified, we see human shapes assumed by superhuman intelligences, wholly and entirely bent on evil, with a superhuman power to inflict it. To these wicked intelligences, which sinned not through ignorance but knowledge, are given up the souls and bodies of the condemned. Nor are these condemned ones merely rough types of humanity; but delicate women, high born as it would seem from the very nobleness of their aspects; with noble intellects, too, and of gentle culture; how one shudders to see such shapes carried to a doom, compared with which the

most awful death is but a trivial accident to the mind of the Christian! Many, who came only to wonder at the marvellous skill of Signorelli, for they have been told he was a master from whom Michael Angelo did not disdain to learn; who came merely to wonder, supposing they should smile over these mediæval fancies, have groaned audibly before the frescoes on the walls of San Brizio, and have cried out in the anguish of a contrite mind: "Save us, oh Lord, in the terrible day of judgment!"

The awful fascination of these pictures makes one for a time oblivious to anything else, at least to anything below them. Only the majestic calm of the groups above can distract the mind. But after awhile we find a link between these scenes of terrible agony and the regions of absolute bliss. Angels, tall, and clothed like deacons, only without dalmatics, and with faces of grave happiness, play on lutes, and thus charm the senses of those who have passed the dread ordeal of judgment, and are on their way to heaven. We follow them, and almost see them finding places among the groups on the ceiling. But fatigue, at length, compels the eye and the mind to turn earthward, to meet with a consolation wholly unlooked for. Again we seem to tread the accustomed ways of men, and feel the breezes of this world on our cheeks, and are charmed with glimpses of a paradise of color, of song, of poesy! All the iridescence of birds of fair plumage, all the delights of tropical blossoms, trailing vines, and summer life are hinted at in the arabesques which cover the lower half of the wall. These arabesques are divided into square compartments, and in the centre of each is a portrait of one of the great writers of Italy, Cicero, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Dante, and Virgil. Of all these the picture of Dante is the best preserved, and has a peculiar charm. The great poet is represent-

ed in the flower of his age, and turning over his books with the air of a happy student; in truth, the most pleasing picture of Dante we have ever seen. Besides the portrait, each compartment contains four small medallion pictures of scenes taken from the works of the author they surround.

As if nothing should be lacking to the grandeur of this chapel, we find on the right hand a Pietà, in marble, by the same Ippolito Scalza to whom we owe the St. John, St. Thomas, and St. Roch, near the entrance. In this group are given not only the Madonna with the dead Christ on her lap, but St. Mary Magdalene pressing one wounded hand to her cheek, and holding one foot in the excess of her grief; while St. Joseph of Arimathea stands, looking down upon the dead face of Israel's Redeemer with a sorrow as profound as it is tender, one hand holding the pincers, the other the ladder. It is the nearest approach we have seen to the Pietà by Michael Angelo in St. Peter's.

Over the altar of the chapel of San Brizio hangs the miraculous Madonna di San Brizio, still an object of veneration. Unlike other Madonnas of that period the Blessed Virgin is standing, with the Infant in her arms. The artist evidently intended to represent a raised dais, with a throne in the background. Four angels are seen in the air, one on each side with folded palms, and above these two angels bringing crowns. In spite of the modern look of those which have been placed later on the heads of the figures, quite contrary to the idea of the artist, there is a singular sweetness and majesty in this crowned Virgin Mother and her crowned child, under whose feet she has placed her open palm, which might well win the heart, even if no traditions halloed the picture to the pilgrim; and it never fails of some tribute of praise from the most rigorous critic.



If the morning light is favorable for the cathedral, the late afternoon is equally so for exploring the small town crowded on this mountain summit. The whole city can be traversed in a day, and yet one can linger many days in Orvieto, and only begin an acquaintance with its beauties. The strongest attraction next to the cathedral was the old church of San Dominico, where we had expected to find such treasures of ancient art. But in vain did we look on the whitewashed walls for that Madonna, painted by Simone di Martino for the Dominicans of Orvieto, and so renowned for the charm of its color and the elegance of its forms. Every trace of the grand old Dominicans, who had nourished sacred sciences and sacred art in this favored retreat, had disappeared. Not the fading vestige even of St. Thomas, the angelical doctor, who composed within its walls the office of the Blessed Sacrament, and taught philosophy to students, who well might believe they were listening to the voice of an angel; nor of that other angelical, the Fra Angelico of the chapel of San Brizio, who, while painting that celestial ceiling, must have lived with his brothers, the monks of San Dominico, was to be found. The only relic of the noble period to which all these memories belong, is the Gothic monument by Arnolfo, in honor of Cardinal di Braye, who died in 1282. The whole monument is conceived according to the spirit of the thirteenth century, and the old cardinal lies in a sublime sleep worthy of a Christian sculptor like Arnolfo, who gives an equal proof of his merit as an architect and mosaic worker in the accessories of the monument. With a sad heart we roamed through the desolate cloister, after visiting the secular school established here by the Princess Marguerite. The glory of San Dominico had fled, with the expulsion of the noble order which had thrown such a halo of sacred tradition around its walls. There were no rose-bushes, even from which to take a bud; and we were obliged to content ourselves with a sprig of the low purple mallows in the grass-plot. We had passed a crumbling palace, which must have been one of rare beauty in its day; and a bell-tower, square, with little turrets on each corner, and the cross rising from the midst of them, too picturesque to be ever forgotten. But leaving San Dominico by another way, we strolled to the farther end of the town, overlooking the old walls of the city, the newly opened Etruscan tombs, and the glories of mountain and valley which surround Orvieto. We clambered down the steep path inside the walls, looked through the ancient port-holes, and thus framed in many a bit of distant mountain and vale, with castles and villas crowning their summits or hidden among olive groves. Suddenly the square tower of San Giovenale rose before us on the very point of a triangle overlooking this panorama, to all appearances as solid as if hewn out of granite. The side-door was open, and we entered, not to be awed by the Eucharistic presence, for no lamp burned before the altar; but awed still, for on every wall and on every column were the crumbling remains of saints and angels, depicted according to the types of those Umbrian artists which take such a hold upon the imagination and the heart. A few more years, and even these remains will have disappeared, notwithstanding the care taken of every scrap of color clinging to the surface of wall or column; and the traveller, still more the pilgrim, to San Giovenale, will leave it with the same disappointment with which we had already left San Dominico. Behind the altar, however, was still to be seen a mosaic on a gold ground; and if lacking the religious grace so peculiar to Umbrian art, was still devout in its motive, and consoling by its durability.

In this same part of the town we

came, just at sunset, upon another charming spot, like a perfect surprise; for San Bernardino gets only a passing notice from the guide-books. The side-door was open; but so, too, was the grand portal, the beauty of which had struck us at first glance. There was a light before the altar, and the cheerfulness of the nave contrasted with the solemn gloom of San Giovenale. As we made our genuflexion and walked up the nave, what a distance of range upon range of blue mountains suddenly opened upon us from the side-door on the left! Both side-doors were open to let the cool airs of the coming evening breathe through. On the right hand lay the paved piazza and the old stone houses of the street; but on the left hand lay that same world of marvellous beauty, which every now and then is seen from these heights of Orvieto. Transported by this contrast of distant mountains with the subdued tints of this interior of an ancient church, we stepped to the open door and into the green court, to pause before one of the most touching pictures of what was once a cloister. An aged priest was drawing up a bucket of water from a well in the corner near us, to water a bed of pinks, asters, and lilies, close by the old convent wall. He did not see us at first, and we had time to note the grave placidity of the aged face, the refinement of every gesture. When he did see us, however, it was to give us a smile of welcome. He invited us to look at his bed of flowers, and then led us to the walled rampart, on the very edge of the height, to see the wonderful view spreading out before us under the lingering twilight. Against the blue of the sky, and the hardly deeper blue of the far-away mountains, rose the crumbling cells of this monastic home of other centuries; and as the silent, desolated cloister stood there before us, the aged priest seemed the only living link between us and

the ages when these walls echoed the sweet matin and vesper songs of men who lived only for God. There was a pensive beauty, a melancholy charm, about the spot, which we shall recall to our dying hour with delight, and when, with a smile as pensive as the hour and the spot, the aged priest picked a few of his pale purple asters for us, we took them as precious mementoes of San Bernadino, its aged pastor, and the charm of its ruined cloisters overlooking a mortal paradise.

The next morning was our last in Orvieto, and we must take one more look at that facade. The *Duomo* stands in the midst of a piazza which allows all its beauties to be seen. No one has ever dreamed of intruding upon its spacious surroundings. On one side is the long row of picturesque cottages. On another are solemn-looking houses, with seats in front of them of black and white marble, on which the merest passerby can sit and rest himself, and look all the while at the most glorious facade in the world. On the third is the long palace, with square windows in Gothic arches, in which, at different times and by reason of divers necessities, thirty-four popes have had their residence, and built by the same Urban IV who projected the cathedral. Between the palace and the solemn old houses there is a square tower, on which stands a gigantic warrior, who strikes the hours on the great bell with the stroke of his sword. We did not content ourselves with sitting on the marble seats, however. In the stories above are the museums, in which are to be seen hundreds of vessels taken from the Etruscan tombs below the town; designs on parchment for the facade of the cathedral, and for a pulpit which was never completed; a beautifully carved reading-desk, a precious reliquary, by Ugolino of Siena, the same artist who wrought the silver shrine with its paintings in enamel for the Capella del Cor-



porale; a Magdalen, by Signorelli; a Madonna, by John of Pisa; and, more beautiful than all, the original painting, by Ansano of Siena, for the mosaic in the very apex of the facade. From the windows of these museums we had sat for hours looking at the facade, before the afternoon sun threw over its golden surface a radiance too dazzling for the eye. Here we would take our last look, and gather all its precious forms and colors and designs into our memories.

Again the eye followed the sculptures of the lower story; the twisted columns holding their brilliant thread of mosaic, with alternating sculptured acanthus knobs, and broad bands of the costliest *pietre dure*; the enthroned Madonna, by Maitani, with its canopy sustained by angels, all in bronze, over the middle portal; in the Gothic arch over the southern door, the Birth of the Blessed Virgin; in the spaces between this foliated pointed arch and the perpendicular towers, the vision granted to Saint Joachim and Saint Anna; above these, under another pointed arch with its foliations and aerial angel, the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple; corresponding to this, on the northern side of the great rose-window, the Marriage of the Blessed Virgin;

below this, over the northern door, the Baptism of Our Lord, and between the arch and the towers, the Annunciation; above the round arch of twisted columns and *pietre dure* of the middle door, under a pointed foliated Gothic arch, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; while above all these, above the rose-window, and above the open arcade running along the front, above the great rose-window of alabaster, set in mosaics and *relievos* and jasper-work, above the noble statues in their fretted niches which frame it in, above all these, under another pointed and foliated arch, with *pietre dure* running up to its very point, is the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, by that Ansano of Siena who is said to have "lived wholly in God;" and all these in mosaic with ground of gold, and the mosaics themselves edged and set in choicest sculptures; the whole like an opal in the dark setting of the streets below, and lighted from the dome of heaven above, with a background of loveliest mountains melting into the sky itself. Or let us say, rather, remembering the miracle in which the Cathedral had its beginning, like a most precious *remonstrance*, which from age to age presents Jesus in the consecrated Host to the adoration of the faithful!

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## JOSEPH BENNETT'S LENTEN DISCIPLINE.

HE had done him a great wrong, there was no doubt of that. They had been dear friends always, Joe Bennett and Roderick Halstead; had lived within a stone's throw of each other, had gone to the same school, and studied the same lessons, and they went to sea together as cabin-boys in the same ship. But Joe's was the stronger, more faithful char-

acter, and it showed itself in one marked way. While fickle Rod fell lightly and harmlessly in love with every pretty face he saw, Joe had loved Charlotte Drowne from her childhood, and he never was to love any other woman, though this woman never became his wife.

Yet he asked her to marry him, when he came to bid her farewell

the first time that he left Boothbay, and she accepted him, smiling through her tears, and bringing to his honest lips some silly tender words about the dew on the roses. She wore his ring, and wrote to him whenever an opportunity came to send a letter, and she welcomed him home gladly, and watched him go again through tears till he had made two voyages, and was gone upon the third. And they promised each other that if he was as successful this time as he had always been, and came home with as snug a sum to help form his home, they would be married. Yet all the while you would have felt that Charlotte had won a far greater prize in her future husband than he—though he would have scoffed at the idea—had gained in her.

It was true, though. And if she had married him, and had had always his forbearing thoughtful love about her, shielding her from a breath of trouble, and bearing the brunt of every storm for her in his glad free-will, I doubt if she ever would have been worthy of him. It was a nature that needed many a blow and bitter trial to make it what it finally became. In her girlhood she was only a confiding, weak-hearted, loving thing, who, if one support was taken from her, sought at once another; more eager to be comforted, no matter from whom the comfort came, than she was faithful to mourn over the true heart that had loved her well.

Rod Halstead did not go on that third voyage with Joe. He had tired of the sea, and a fair chance for business offered just then in Boothbay, he seized the chance, and became a postmaster instead of sailor.

"You've been a brother to me, old fellow," Bennett said, with a warm grip of his hand, as they stood on the pier, waiting for the ship to weigh anchor. "I've no brother to have my lass in charge of while I'm gone, but I trust her to you as surely."

"I'll guard her well," quoth Rod, and he meant it too. "You shall have her as you leave her when you come home again, Joe, only a trifle merrier," and his own eyes grew moist as he looked at poor, trembling, weeping Charlotte as she clung to Joe's arm.

"You shall have her as you leave her." Joseph Bennett, as the bark *Alcestis* sped out to sea, looked back, with all his heart in his face, to the pier where the two whom he loved best on earth stood, watching him. She was clinging to Rod's arm now, he had said something which had brought a watery smile to her eyes. Joe's heavy heart grew lighter.

"God bless him!" he said. "He's cheered her already. No doubt he's telling her of the good day when I'll be home once more."

And he had guessed the truth; it was exactly what Rod was telling her; it was exactly what he did tell her over and over again for many a day. She came to count his words, his cheery face, his very step upon the walk, as her daily comfort, and he alas! he came to think upon her as the woman who must be his wife.

Light and fickle his loves had been before, the flame easily lighted, and blown by a breath away. This love, waking slowly and imperceptibly, grew very strong within him, and he let it have its will. At first, it is true, he called it friendship, but as the time drew near for Joe's return, he learned to his cost that it was more than that, and it seemed to him that he could not live without her. "If Joe would only die," he said wistfully to himself.

The *Alcestis* was due in June; the May foreign mail brought Halstead a letter, postmarked Hong Kong. He knew the handwriting, so like his own, copied from the same copies under the same master, but evidently the hand had trembled.

"Dear Rod," it said, "I'm down sick, and my money is gone. You must break it to my little girl ten-



der as you know how. I can't bear to write it myself. Tell her I'll be home as soon as I can, God prospering me, and bid her keep a good heart for my sake. Yours ever, J. B."

It was ten o'clock at night when Halstead read that letter. He has been all the evening chatting and singing with Charlotte; on his return home he found the foreign mail come in, eleven hours earlier than usual, and had received the letter sooner than he otherwise would. It was long past midnight when he flung himself, still dressed, upon his bed, for a brief and broken slumber, and clenched in his hand was another letter. "Dear Rod, I have met one whom I cannot part from. I love her. Tell Charlotte, and beg her to forgive me. She will find a better man than I. We leave here to-morrow for —, but you won't care where. I never can face Boothbay, and her and you again. Your friend, Joseph Bennett."

Yes, Rod had dared write it all out, even to that honest name. And he dared show it, denouncing the man who wrote it as a traitor and a villain, sure that in this, at all events, he spoke the truth. And all Boothbay saw, and read, and heard, and believed, and Charlotte mourned a little while, and was speedily comforted, and no one dreamed of blaming her when she became, before the week ended, Roderick Halstead's wife. Her aunt with whom she lived had just died; she had no other relatives in Boothbay; it was well for her, people said, that so good a man stood ready to give her his name and his protection. It was an evening wedding, and the bridegroom had not previously approached the sacraments, but then he had never been very strict in his religion, and only the Easter before he had performed his Easter duty. Charlotte was not over zealous either, and she made little difficulty.

People said that Rod Halstead made a far steadier postmaster than

they would have fancied from his fickle boyhood. He was always in his place, and always specially careful of the foreign mails. Nobody dreamed how much he feared those thin envelopes, nor in what a treadmill of anxiety he lived lest some one should find out his crime. But the inward trouble told upon him in its constant gnawing at his heart, and Charlotte found by sore experience how bitter and stinging those words may be, which a man can say to his wife when he has no other method to free himself of his burdens.

He had written to Joe that Charlotte was dead. "When he knows that, he will cease to think of coming home," thought Roderick, not reading well the strong soul of his friend. But before this letter had time to reach its destination, two came from Joe to Charlotte, and when Rod opened and read them, as he did with eagerness and by stealth, their abiding trust and love sent the hot flush of shame tingling over him. After these, the letters ceased, but Rod's fears never ceased.

"I cannot leave Boothbay," he told himself. "I must stay by my office, or the affair will be found out somehow."

The crew of the *Alcestis*, returning home, reported that they had left Joe Bennett sick at Hong Kong, and "the landlord had a pretty daughter to look after him," they said, laughing. "Mrs. Halstead had done well to take the prize that lay close to her hand."

But when Christmas came, when fears might seem to be laid to rest, when people had ceased to speak of Bennett, and the nine days' talk had died, then Roderick told his wife that they must leave Boothbay.

"I'm tired of it," he said.

She fretted at first, then yielded.

"Home is where you are," she said, smiling fondly at him; and pleased by her submission and her affection, he proposed that they should go to walk together before

he went to the office. She asked to go to the pier, and they stood there in lover-like fashion, counting the sails that dotted the wintry sea.

Idly they noted a schooner coming into port; then, as it drew nearer, they watched it with interest.

"It's Seth Batson's whaler," Charlotte said. "There'll be glad hearts and homes in Boothbay to-night."

A man stood on the forecastle, looking straight out before him to the wharf, a man with a grave, earnest face, marked with lines of some sore grief, yet more touching still to see in its resignation. When Joe Bennett learned that his Charlotte was dead, he had borne the blow sweetly and patiently, but it had crushed ambition and energy from his heart.

"Let me get me home," he said. "If I can't have her living beside me, to gladden all my days for me as I had hoped, I can at least live where her grave is, and strive to be the better man for being where she used to be. And my good Rod will tell me all about her."

So, when Seth Batson's whaler touched for water at Hong Kong, Joe, weak and feeble still from his illness, was granted with real kindness a free passage home.

"There'll be none looking for me," he thought, as he stood there on the forecastle. "But if I could choose now, I'd rather, far rather, had loved her, and had her love, and then let death take her, than never to have loved my Charlotte."

The sailor's soul was speaking in its true grief like the poet's soul. Lonely and sad as he was, the thought of their past joys and affection thrilled him with a present and living gladness.

"Here, Bennett, take a peep at the old place," a sailor said, handing him the spy-glass, through which he had been looking for his own dear cottage.

Joe took the glass and looked.

Had any one watched him very closely, he might have seen the bronzed face grow pale, and the hands tighten their hold with a curious, swoon-like clench. He bent down against the railing on one knee as though to steady himself, and then looked again.

"You shall find her as you leave her, only a trifle merrier."

That then was his Charlotte, standing on the pier, the wind blowing hard against her, and so causing her to cling closely to Roderick Halstead's arm; causing her, too, to look up in his face, and laugh gayly. Joe had thought to find her laid beneath the frozen sods, where his voice could not reach her, nor any joy bring smiles, nor any fear bring tears to her sweet child-face again. What did it all mean?

He gave back the spy-glass.

"I can't understand," he said to himself. "This passes my comprehension. But I'll trust 'em. God helping me, I'll trust 'em both till I know all."

The schooner came up along the pier; there were greetings and glad home-welcomings for all but to one. Joe Bennett saw that the only forms he cared to see were gone, and he hid himself in the cabin till he could land unobserved.

He had told his story to none on board the whaler. It had seemed to him that he could not bear to mention it.

"I am in great trouble," was all he said. When, as they remembered it, in the course of their joyous evenings, the sailors told in their homes that Joseph Bennett had been with them like a man in trouble, people wondered, and raised suspicion, and made thoughtless, cruel jests, but never a suspicion did they cast on Roderick Halstead. And no one left his own fireside to seek the wanderer or question those who were dearest to him.

But at their cosy tea-table, Roderick sat opposite Charlotte, and



talked and laughed with her as he had not done for many a day. They would leave this haunted place, he thought joyfully in his heart; in some new home they would cast all fear away; he would have her to himself in all her tenderness and beauty, with no dread of some wretched hour which should change his life to hopeless misery. And even as he thought this jubilantly, the time of retribution had come.

You may say that Joseph Bennett, if he loved Charlotte with such peculiar tenderness, might have trusted her to the end, and gone away and left her with her present joy unbroken, choosing to bear any grief rather than to bring grief upon her. Perhaps he might. But there are varying degrees of unselfishness, and Joseph Bennett had not reached the topmost height. Moreover, One wiser than man had his own good plan and purpose here for the weak woman's nature, which suffering was to strengthen and perfect.

The door behind Charlotte opened. Rod looked up, and suddenly and forever the bright smile vanished from his face. Charlotte turned to see the cause of his trouble. A man, bent, trembling, haggard, stood in the doorway; a man, who held out his hand pitifully, not to her, but to her husband, and spoke in a voice of strange despairing hope, the hope of a forlorn hope, not to her but to him.

"Rod, old fellow, I'm come for my Charlotte, my little lass. You've taken good care of her for me?"

Halstead left his chair, came and put his hand on Charlotte's hand, where the wedding-ring was shining, and Joe's ring had long been missing.

"We heard you loved another," he said, while his very lips were white. "She's my wife, she is," he said.

Joe came a little nearer to them. Vaguely, while he watched him, there came into Halstead's mind a

memory of their schoolboy days, when he and Joe had watched a wounded and dying hare drag itself along to the place where its young ones were. Why should Joe's faltering steps bring back that memory?

"Charlotte," Joe said, still in that heart-breaking tone of despairing hope, "Charlotte, you didn't believe it? You didn't ever believe that of me, Charlotte, my love?"

Quivering all over, she looked at her husband. "He told me so," she said.

Rod's very face condemned him, and he made no attempt at concealment.

"I loved her!" he cried, passionately, as if those few words told all.

Then for a brief space there was silence, and then Joe Bennett spoke.

"I loved her, too," he said. "I loved her so, and I trusted her so, that I wouldn't have believed she would be false to me, though the whole world told me; not unless I heard it from her very lips! And I loved you, Rod Halstead, and I trusted you like no other man on earth."

Silence again, a strange silence, for Charlotte was not weeping with those ready sobs which had always come for any grief before. She sat there quite still between the two men upon whose lives her life had wrought such bitter work, and she seemed like one nerved up to hear all and to bear all to the end.

"You have ruined my life," Joe went on at last. "Live now, and be as happy as you can. No word of mine shall let men know the wrong you've done me. But I never can forgive you. You've ruined my life here and hereafter, for I never can forgive you. May God help us all!"

Joe's old friends and neighbors met him in the street next day, and began by passing rough jests upon him, which, at first, he did not understand. But they quickly ceased to jest when they scanned his pallid

face; and he, when he understood at last the meaning of their words, made no attempt to remove the suspicions that were rife in Boothbay. Anything was easy to bear compared with the one crushing blow. He hired a small room near the wharves, and found enough to support him by keeping a small shop of sailors' stores, and there he lived a quiet, harmless life.

And Rod and Charlotte did not leave Boothbay.

"I've borne the worst now," Rod told her sullenly. "We will wait and see what comes of it. But I must give up the office anyway. I can't stand the sight of it."

Yet, though they waited, nothing came, nothing, that is, of outward suspicion or disgrace. People said indeed that Mr. and Mrs. Halstead were altered, but they found the reasons for it in Charlotte's feeble health and some loss of property. She grew very weak, poor child! Used always to lean on others' judgment, to trust others' goodness, all at once her props had failed her. In her loneliness and disappointment she learned where the only lasting strength, the only unfailing wisdom, could be found. In the days of her bright, gay girlhood, none but masses of obligation found her in the church. Now each morning saw her there. Each week she came humbly to receive the sacraments of cleansing and of strength.

"I don't deserve it," she used to say, sobbing. "I don't deserve it, but oh! where else can I go now, and who else can help me?"

Joe came often, too, to church, kneeling in a far-away corner, praying often, "God have mercy on me! God have mercy on me!" But one Easter passed, and then another, and he did not fulfil his Easter duty, nor once in all that time did he approach the altar.

"There are those as have done me a great wrong," he said to the kind

old priest, "and I cannot forgive them."

Rod came to church sometimes of a Sunday; that was all at first. Charlotte never alluded to the past after that one night of Joe's return, when her husband, as if he could endure no longer to keep his evil secret to himself, had told her all. But she never came to him again with her winning trust, never looked at him again with that childlike look of helpless confidence. Instead, he grew to lean on her in a way that was sad and touching to behold, and yet, to the unseen eyes that read the linked mysteries of those three lives must have been sweet to see.

Sometimes Charlotte met Bennett unexpectedly at the church door or on the street; she never went to the wharves now, and even had she wished it, she was generally too feeble to go farther than to church. Always, when she met him, she stopped him and she spoke to him with the same meek, contrite plea, "Dear Joe, forgive us."

At first she had added, "for old times' sake forgive us," but that was soon altered. "For the dear Lord's sake," she used to say. And still, in either case, Joe answered, "I cannot, I cannot. I would if I could, but you've ruined my life for me between you. Here and hereafter you've ruined it."

What Charlotte suffered words cannot tell, but she never once murmured. But day by day the burden of those two souls lay heavier upon her, till she would have sunk beneath it, had she not learned to unite it to that far heavier load of souls borne patiently upon the cross.

Living daily in the atmosphere of her love and patience divinely taught, never meeting with reproach by word or look, borne with in his peevishness, upheld in his remorse, Roderick Halstead loved her as he had never loved her in their merry days, came to reverence her and to trust her, and to long to know the com-



fort that through all her grief she knew. But she never urged and petted him; she only prayed long and waited, and he knew she prayed for him. One day in Lent, when the rain was falling chill in the short dark afternoon, and yet she stood ready to go over to the church through all the storm to make her confession, her husband came to her, his lips trembling, and his dim eyes seeking hers pitifully between fear and hope. Both of them remembered, as he stood there silently for a moment before he spoke, how another figure had once stood in that doorway as pale and trembling as he.

"Charlotte," Rod said huskily, "I *wish* I could go to confession too."

That dark and stormy Lenten evening, Joseph Bennett sat alone in his one room that was shop and parlor both. A sudden knock startled him. "Come in," he cried out.

A man and a woman entered dripping with rain; entered and came up to him where he sat dumb with amazement, and it was the man and not the woman who spoke first.

"Joe," Roderick said falteringly, "I did you a great, great wrong, and I never can make up to you for it. But I'm sorry for it with all my heart, and I beg and pray you to forgive me."

And Charlotte did not speak at all. She clasped her hands under her wet cloak, and prayed silently to Him who had answered in His time and way one often-uttered prayer, and who, she firmly believed, would yet answer the other desire of her heart.

Joe wavered. Then he heard outside the thud of the waves against the pier, the steady fall of the rain, the whistle of the wind.

"Listen," he said; "listen to that outside, and then to me. In storm and shine you have each other. I've none to love me. No, I never,

never can forgive you. Go, leave me alone, as I must forever be."

She did not speak to him at all. She seemed to listen as he bade them; then she spoke aloud to God. "What more can man do, my Lord?" she prayed. "Work thine own will, thine own will, whatever it may be."

She had offered all, as time and again she had done, to God, for their reconciliation; and again the prayer and vow contented her. But Roderick strove once more.

"Joe, if God forgives, cannot man forgive? I will do anything you bid me."

Joe turned upon him, not with fiery hatred, but with the settled calm of a many months' uninterrupted decision never to pardon.

"You have nothing that you can give me now," he said. "You took all long ago, and you never can give it back."

It was bitter for Rod to bear; it marred the trembling joy of his next day, when, in the gray mist that still hung heavily over Boothbay, he and Charlotte made their way to the church, and knelt side by side, as they had never done before, to receive their Lord. But in her calm strength of faith that peace would yet be made among them, Charlotte's happiness knew no cloud.

Kneeling in his distant corner, Joe Bennett watched them, and prayed drearily, "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, O Lord!"

Two days later, while setting his little shop in order, he heard men talking beside his open window.

"It's that awful throat distemper," said one. "But didn't she die suddenly?" asked another. "No, not in that sickness," was the answer. "Not for so frail a woman. She was a strong enough lass, she was always, but of late she's been weak and ailing."

"Her husband is down with it, too, they say."

"Yes, but he's stronger. He will pull through, more likely. The Hal-

steads are a long-lived race, and the Drownes never were; though, as I said, Charlotte was healthy enough as a lass."

Joe left his shop, and went away up the street to the Halsteads' home. The doctor was just leaving it. "I say, Bennett," he cried, "couldn't you lend a hand in there? That good fellow may live if there is real care taken of him, though it's little he will care for life without his Charlotte."

"I've had to live without her," thought Joe grimly to himself, as he passed the doctor without answering him, and went straight into the house.

In the front room, on the settle, with a sheet thrown over the form wasted not by her death-sickness, but by suffering and sorrow, all that was mortal of Charlotte—once his Charlotte—lay. Joe stood and looked fixedly at her face.

"She ruined my life," he said.

A low, moaning sound came from the room near by.

"Let him moan," Joe said between his teeth. "I made my moan long ago by reason of him. 'Twas worse pain I bore than body-pains can be."

But presently the sounds ceased and all was still.

Joe bent down a little nearer to the white face. "Charlotte," he whispered; "Charlotte."

Once his voice, saying that name, would have brought the pink, sweet blushes to her cheek; would have wakened the lovelight in her eyes. Once she hung upon his words, and looked to him for help and strength and comfort, and he was her all to her.

"She came to trust another very easily," Joe thought with bitterness. And he added, half aloud, musingly, "She doesn't trust him now either. She's dead now."

Dead *now*? Curiously there came to his mind the look of her face in his shop two nights before; yes, and

its look when, meeting him in church or street, she had pleaded for forgiveness. He understood it now. So far as trust in man was concerned, Charlotte had died long ago. The fickle thing, who had stood so in need of help that when one prop had failed her, she had lightly contented herself with another far more apt to fail,—this frail being had learned at last to seek God's strength and love and wisdom, and to do without the human aid. Nay, more, Joe felt with a pang that she had ceased so much as to miss it, and to be content and glad with "God alone."

They had ruined his life! It flashed on him like the lightning; *had* they ruined it, or was it he himself who was making of it a worse than useless thing? Joe thought it out steadily in honest fashion.

"She did all she could to make up for it, poor soul!"

Yes, that was true. She had done what she could. And God, who saw it, and who alone knew how deep and earnest that woman's atoning work had been, had taken her out of the fight at last, crowning his other gifts with so large a grace at the end that she did not grieve or dream of grieving that she had not seen the full fruits of her prayers. God could do it all; He knew.

All this Joe could not read, but he read it in fact.

"God pardoned her," he said. And then, slowly, "He pardoned *him* too," said Joe.

Still the face shone there before him like a star, unmoved by his presence, wrapped in peace he could not break by love or harshness. And through that face in death God wrought his work. Joe sank down on his knees, sobbing humbly like a baby.

"I've ruined my own life," he said; "nobody else could do that for me. You've done what you could to make up for the trouble, both of you, and you will get heaven and



joy, while I am shutting myself out with my own hand."

Was the barbed arrow of that silent look to pierce his soul more deeply still, for the rapid thought went on?

Suppose they had *not* done all they could, what then? it would still be no excuse for him. Had this woman been nothing in these past four years? What if she had chosen to cry out against man as he had done? What if she had chosen to murmur against God? No, she had taken another course than that; each grief, each heartache had lifted her nearer heaven; that which *she might have made* her soul's eternal ruin, had become for her a path to endless life.

"I have sinned," said Joseph Bennett, in awe and true contrition. "Now God have mercy on me, as I pardon them, for I forgive them with all my heart."

The moaning had begun again, but neither her husband's suffering nor her old lover's long-desired pardon could break Charlotte's placid slumber. Joe rose up to prove his hard-bought penitence true. "I'll see to him for you, Charlotte, my love," he said.

They made their Easter communion, those two old friends, now friends once more. They lived together, Rod leaning upon Joe for help and counsel, Joe caring for Rod to the last. For it was Joe who was left companionless finally, to learn Charlotte's blessed lesson of "God alone." He ceased to sorrow over what he had thought keen cause at first for sorrow, that Charlotte did not know on earth the peace of reconciliation that they had known. He came to thank God for all the suffering that had been his portion; to thank God that the woman he had loved so dearly had never become his wife. He ceased to think of her as "Charlotte, my love." God's love was enough, a thousand fold more than enough in this world, and for all woe in this world a measureless compensation of joy in heaven.

But all his life long, Joseph Bennett used to make it an especial prayer in Lent, that God would help tempted men and women both not to pass by their Easter duty, and risk their hope of heaven on the vain plea that another had ruined their lives for them, when in stern reality their ruin rested with themselves.

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## ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH TO THE IRISH PATRIOTS, JUST PREVIOUS TO THEIR INTENDED RISING.

"THE darkest hour is e'er before the dawn!"  
 O friends, whose lives are pledged for Freedom's cause,  
 And if within *this* hour, your souls are dark,  
 Remember, that the rose-glow soft and rare,  
 Which ushers in the dawn of Liberty,  
 The royal Sun of Nations waits you now!  
 No more shall Erin, gem of Ocean, stand  
 In fetters weeping, her green vesture soiled  
 With dust of conq'ror's heel, and gemmed with tears,  
 But radiant, throned her valiant sons among,  
 Defy her tyrant—nay, defy the world!

O Erin! pulse of all our loyal hearts,  
 How can we yield to whispers of despair,  
*Mavourneen*, when we hope our humble hands  
 Will rear thy throne, and let our life-blood be  
 Its rampart of defence from foe or storm?

Friends, gaze with me beyond the Ocean's far  
 And wave-crowned waste, where men of iron will  
 And purpose true, from England's hated hand  
 Their heritage of freedom long withheld  
 Have wrested, and won for their country fair  
 The title nations covet, few possess,

"Home of the free," America's proud name!  
 Oh! let us emulate her sons' firm faith,  
 Their patriotism pure, their bravery,  
 And merit, that on History's page, our place  
 Be side by side with theirs, in all the world,  
 The grandest record Time doth hold or keep!

Land of the brave! of Liberty the home,  
 Be thou our Erin's sister, and be ours  
 The honor with thy Washington to share  
 The noble name no royalty can reach,  
 Far placed above the crown, the throne of state,  
 The gilded sceptre, or the cloth of gold,  
 "His country's Saviour—guard of Liberty!"

Be ours, oh! noble friends, whose dear applause  
 My fairest honor is, the joy to raise  
 Our Sunburst from the depth of English thrall,  
 And floating golden in the air of heav'n,  
 Be ours the pride to see its drap'ry green  
 Soft mingled with the folds of their bright flag  
 Against the blue of heav'n, the stars and stripes,  
 Fit banner of the noble and the free!  
 To-morrow night, within *your* brave, true hearts,  
 That thought bright carry, shrouded round with shade  
 Of mem'ry's record dark; six hundred years  
 Of England's coward hate and tyranny.  
 Firm and united be! But carry out  
 Our plans for capture of the city here,  
 And all the land will rise to aid you then.  
 Once let our rising be of note abroad,  
 And France will aid us. Then, let England cow'r  
 Before our hosts, and cringe as tyrants do  
 When honor meets them, and when courage strikes!  
 Down, England, then! Rise, Erin, crowned and free!  
 Our lives thy guard; our truth, thy sure defence;  
 Our hearts thy kingdom; and our souls, *thy life!*  
 Lift up your hands in noble plédge, brave friends,  
 And swear with me;

*In life, in chains, in DEATH,*

Our country holds our only loyalty!  
 May these hands wither, ere a blow we strike  
 For aught that danger to her freedom brings!  
 So help us, God above! So help us, sure,  
 So nerve our arms, so breathe into our hearts  
 The breath of liberty! In Heaven first  
 Its fair life given, that to break our bonds  
 Its might may lead us and our own Green Isle,  
 Radiant and free, from Ocean's bosom smile!



## RELIGION AND HEROISM.

IN discussing the general question of the honesty of the Catholic priesthood, and their internal belief in their religious professions, Dr. Newman makes the following thoughtful remarks:

"I wonder (he says) that the self-devotion of our priests does not strike a Protestant in this point of view. What do they gain by professing a creed in which, if their enemies are to be credited, they really do not believe? What is their reward for committing themselves to a life of self-restraint and toil, and perhaps to a premature and miserable death? . . . What could support a set of hypocrites in the presence of a deadly disorder, one of them following another in long order up the forlorn hope, and one after another perishing? If they did not heartily believe in the creed of the Church, then I will say that the remark of the Apostle had its fullest illustration: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' Protestants admire this, when they see it; but they do not seem to see so clearly that it excludes the very notion of hypocrisy.

"Sometimes, when they reflect upon it, it leads them to remark on the wonderful discipline of the Catholic priesthood; they say that no Church has so well-ordered a clergy, and that in that respect it surpasses their own; they wish they could have such exact discipline among themselves. But is it an excellence which can be purchased? Is it a phenomenon which depends on nothing else than itself, or is it an effect which has a cause? You cannot buy devotion at a price. 'It hath never been heard of in the land of Chanaan, neither hath it been seen in Theman. The children of Agar, the merchants of Meran, none of them have known its way.' What then is that wonderful charm, which makes a thousand men act all in one way, and infuses a prompt obedience to rule, as if they were under some stern military compulsion? How difficult to find an answer, unless you will allow the obvious one, that they believe intensely what they profess!"

That heroism and self-devotion may be elevated and exalted by religion is an axiom requiring no proof; but that all true heroism, all real self-devotion is founded on that faith "which is the substance of things to be hoped for," is not so fully appar-

ent; still the evidence in favor of this view may be obtained without any very great difficulty, and whether we contrast the heroism manifested by the Catholic priesthood in the presence of disease and the certainty of death from contagion, or that which, not only the priesthood, but also all the religious orders as well as the laity have shown in battle and beside the ambulance, with that which is prompted merely by discipline and obedience, merely natural duty or patriotism, we cannot fail to mark the great contrast, and to feel that from the heart of every martyr who has fallen a victim to religious devotion and self-sacrifice, either in hospital or on the battle-field, or as one of those silent martyrs whose deeds are unknown and recorded only in the Book of Life, the cry has gone up in its fullest significance: "They indeed have striven that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one."

These thoughts have been brought strongly before us while reading a little book recently published in Paris, called *l'Héroïsme en Soutane*, by General Ambert, and the following paper is entirely derived from this source, in the belief that at the present time of doubt and incredulity it cannot be without service to contemplate the heroism and self-devotion displayed by the French Catholic clergy and laity during the late war, and traced by the author in his interesting book, from the very beginning of the contest to those days of madness which stained the streets of Paris with the blood of those martyrs—in the truest sense of the word—the martyrs of the Commune.\*

\* Our article will be a very free translation and necessarily a very great abridgment, but we shall endeavor to render it as faithful as possible, referring the reader for many most interesting details to the book itself.

Hardly had the war of 1870 commenced before a great cry of grief was heard throughout France. The national pride had never sustained so severe a blow. Evil passions were awakened, and the burning breath of Revolution was felt in the air. The priests were aroused, and listened eagerly to the distant sounds. They would have been deaf to the joyful cry of victory, but the moans of a bleeding country penetrated their very souls. They hastened to march towards the scene of suffering. They came from all parts, without call and without watchword; or rather, the country called them, and their watchword was, "God and France!"

A writer, distinguished both in literature and politics, has said: "The Christian religion is the first and only one which has cared for all the weaknesses of humanity, mental weakness, frailty of sex, of age, and of condition; this alone has changed the world, and is the political significance of that verse of Holy Scripture, *Emitte spiritum tuum, et renovabis faciem terræ.*" Some of the priests took their course towards the camps in order to assist the dying soldier on the battle-field; others, without separating from their flocks, prepared these for the time of trial. Some organized ambulances, and became later the protectors of the villagers, caring for the wounded, extinguishing the burning harvests, sustaining drooping courage, and proclaiming the rights of the poor and feeble. On many a winter night the priests might be seen, guiding the young "Mobiles" over the mountain paths, where they had gone astray and were likely to be surprised by the enemy.

When the villagers saw, upon the distant horizon, the long dark columns which announced the approach of the enemy, they all fled, driving before them their frightened flocks, mothers carrying their infants, the elders slowly following with the weeping children. One man alone

remained—the curé of the village. The air had long resounded with the mournful toll of the bell, and at this period there were but two voices heard in all France, the cannon and the church-bell. As soon as the enemy had arrived the bell was silent, and the curé, armed with his breviary, would present himself to the general. How many villages, hamlets, and farm-houses have been preserved by the prayers of the humble curé; how many wounds have been healed by his hand; how many times has he led into his presbytery, and warmed with his charity, the exhausted soldier fainting by the wayside! Among these poor village curés, many have paid for their devotion with their lives. They have fallen as the common soldier falls, without noise and without show; no echo has repeated their dying words, and but too often the secret of their death has been carried into Prussia by some brutal soldier.

When the war was declared the French army numbered only forty-six chaplains. A single priest for a division of twelve thousand men was obviously insufficient. Applications came in on all sides, and became still more numerous in the time of disaster; one of these may be taken as an example of the spirit which inspired them all. The Abbé Testory, a canon of the Chapter of St. Denis, wrote to the Minister of War: "I beg you to nominate me as chaplain of the army of the Rhine; I will accept the lowest place, provided I can only serve my country, and take care of our valiant soldiers on the field of battle." By the beginning of September more than ten thousand applications had been received at the Ministry of War. About a hundred Jesuits appeared on the field of battle; many of them were wounded or killed during the war. In one of the battles of the army of the Loire a priest was carrying upon his shoulders a wounded soldier who still breathed; a charge of German



cavalry swept all before it, and the priest received a sabre cut upon his face. This noble scar is still conspicuous upon the face of the Père de Rochemontaux when he gives his benediction to the faithful. Three Jesuits died in Germany among the prisoners whom they were serving. All the religious orders, without exception, were represented in the service of their country. Capuchins, with their brown robes, their bare heads and sandalled feet, gave an example of courage, sanctifying poverty, and rendering humility honorable. Many Dominicans might be named; the Pontifical Zouaves were served by Fathers Ligier and Gerlache, of the Order of St. Dominic. The 15th of December, 1870, witnessed the death of a religious of this order, in the ambulance of his convent, brought to the grave by the hardships of the war; he was called Père Antoine. In the world he had been called Baron Armand de Layre, and had also the diploma of a doctor of law. This is not the place to recall the martyrdom of the Dominicans of Arcueil, but we mention that before their assassination these Fathers had transformed their house into an ambulance. The Order of Carmelites lost at Spandau Father Hermann, who, unwilling to abandon the prisoners, died of small-pox while serving the soldiers. A single convent of Trappists, that of Notre-Dame des Dombes, supplied thirty-five brothers to the troops of l'Ain. The abbot of this convent, Dom Augustin, took the care of the troops attacked with small-pox; struck down in his turn he died, praying for France. This abbot, Dom Augustin, who had preferred the life of a Trappist to the world, was the Marquis d'Avezac de la Douze, of a noble and ancient family; his ancestors, during the Crusades, had fallen by the side of St. Louis, while he, the Trappist, died among the common soldiers. Cistercians, Premonstratensians, Carthusians, Or-

atorians, and Professors of the Sorbonne, all furnished chaplains to the army, or made themselves conspicuous in Germany by their efforts for the good of the prisoners.

In the midst of this host one class of men have merited the front rank, the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In its pride the world gives them the name of "Frères Ignorantins;" but where were all the learned Academicians, the distinguished scholars, so famed for eloquence and literature; the statesmen who govern the world, and the poets who charm it; where were all the financiers and men of the world, so skeptical and full of mockery; where were all these in the hour when "Brother Ignoramus" fell upon the field of battle, busied in the removal of the dead? On the 8th of December, 1870, the dead were being removed in wagons from Petit-Bry, Champigny, and Croisy; the Christian Brothers who had charge of this were clearing away the snow in order to find the bodies of the fallen soldiers—they had not had an instant's repose since the preceding night. Two Prussian captains were superintending the removal of the bodies of the German soldiers. One of these captains, who had followed with kindly look the prodigious labors of the brothers, said: "We have not seen the equal of this in France." "With the exception of the Gray Sisters," said the other captain. During the campaign the Christian Brothers counted nineteen deaths in their ranks. One day they were marching outside the ramparts of Paris, having at their head the venerable Brother Philip, seventy-eight years old; a doctor belonging to one of the ambulances, seeing them march thus in the face of death, cried out: "Blessings upon you for all the good you do, you humble servants of the soldiers! Truly yours is the true science—the science of charity, abnegation, and devotion, the science which makes heroes; and

Paris and France, when delivered, will say that you have deserved well of your country."

The 19th of December, 1870, Brother Nethelme, a professor in the school of Saint Nicolas, was struck by a Prussian ball, dying after two days of suffering. He was hardly buried when a young man presented himself to the Superior, Father Philip. "I have come," said he, "from the department of Lozère, to take the place of my brother Nethelme, who has just been killed." "Have you received the consent of your family?" asked the Superior. "My father and my mother," replied the young man, "kissed me and blessed me before I was allowed to depart." This indeed is chivalry in its heroic grandeur and most sublime simplicity.

Such was the devotion manifested by the religious orders throughout France, and the courage and abnegation of the secular priesthood was no less strikingly displayed, the keynote to the intimate relation which was felt to exist between priest and soldier being given in the following sentence from Donoso Cortes, which was found written on the last page of a prayer-book, belonging to a priest who fell during the war: "If we consider the hard life which a priest must live, the priesthood will seem to be a true militia; while, if we consider the holiness of a soldier's office, the army will be seen to be a true priesthood." Of this devotion and true heroism we have many most striking examples.

On the eve of the occupation of Le Mans, January 11th, 1871, the Abbé Fouquerey arrived in the French encampment. He learned that P. Doussot, chaplain to the Pontifical Zouaves, had been made prisoner, and he asked as a favor to take his place. The line of march lay through the snow, the wind blowing in gusts, the moon hidden, the trunk of the birches glistening like silver. Death seemed to be on

all sides; the suffering of such a march, and the gloomy thoughts it inspired, depressed the stoutest hearts. The young priest, however, had a calm brow and a serene aspect; he took his place during the march with charming simplicity. The ground was soon covered with dead and wounded; he went from one to another, placing the dead under shelter, sustaining the wounded, ministering to those who were dying,—thus he received the last words of Captain de Bellevue. Finally he was struck by a Prussian bullet, then by a second and a third. At last he fell, and now the body of this valiant priest rests in the village churchyard of Champigny.

Another incident related to the author is as follows: After the defeat at Le Mans the disorder became so great that the wounded were abandoned by the roadside, placed in cars from which the driver had unharnessed the horses in order to escape more quickly. A colonel of the "Mobiles" was in the same car with the narrator, together with two soldiers, dangerously wounded and shaking with cold and fever. No help came, every one was taking care of himself; a few men ran by, but they were deaf to all supplication. Presently a priest appeared and quickly approached the car. "I was looking for you, my friends," said he. Seeing the soldiers half frozen and almost lifeless he took his own clothing to cover those who were suffering, and then, stopping some of the fugitives, he addressed them with prayers, reproaches, and promises, to such good purpose that they finally obeyed him. "Push at the wheels," said he, and harnessing himself to the car he drew it with infinite labor to a village. There he begged coverings, straw, and food, and, finally coming back with a horse, conducted his charge to the hospital. "The amount of good," said the narrator, "which this priest, the Abbé Géraud, accom-



plished during the war God only knows."

On the 6th of August, 1870, 30,000 French fought against 150,000 Germans. When retreat was inevitable, the French left 5000 dead, 5000 wounded, and 5000 prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The Abbé de Beuvron assisted by the Abbé Young, a young vicar of Reichshoffen, had charge of the ambulance of the church and mayoralty of Froeschwiller. The church serving as a mark for the Prussian artillery, the projectiles fell all around the wounded; and when, finally, a shell exploded in the sanctuary, the priest, who was giving his blessing to the dying, thinking the building about to fall, invited those present to make an act of contrition, and gave general absolution. A few moments after, the Prussians entered the village. The Abbé de Beuvron, who was caring for the wounded in a shed, advanced to meet the enemy, and placing himself before the church door, tried to protect the poor soldiers. A Prussian soldier directed the barrel of his gun at the breast of the priest, but the latter pointed to his chaplain's cross, and signed to him to raise the gun. Surprised at such noble and simple courage, the Prussian grenadier placed himself before the ambulance. Meanwhile the flames devoured the belfry of the church, and it was on the point of falling. The chaplain ordered the tabernacle to be removed, and seizing a litter saved the wounded. Hardly was the last one in a place of safety, when the roof of the church fell in. The dying prayed for a glass of water, but the Germans were vigilantly guarding the four wells. The priest, with a gourd in his hand, went to the sentinels and earnestly begged for some drops of water, with which he moistened the parched lips of those who most needed it. The knapsacks of the dead furnished some small pieces of biscuit, and boiling the flesh of the slaughtered horses, the chaplain found means to relieve

the sufferers. This mode of life lasted four days.

At the battle of Sedan, the inhabitants of Bazeilles were fighting in defence of their hearths. The curé, a white-haired old man, sustained their spirits, encouraged them to resistance, and showed himself the strong man of the Gospel. When the village was taken, the Prussians set fire to the houses, and shot a certain number of the inhabitants. Amidst the smoking ruins of his village, the curé of Bazeilles was dragged before a council of war, where he energetically defended himself and the peasants. The council of war condemned the curé to death.

The correspondent of the *English Times*, who followed the Saxon army, wrote:

"There is a man whom, from Sedan to the battles before Paris, I have constantly seen following the wounded. He has neither carriage nor horse, but with a staff in his hand he follows the course of battle, and with the elegance of a well-bred man and the tenderness of a woman, he brings consolation to the dying. He is a French priest, a Benedictine. I do not know how many times I have met him on his mission of charity. The other day he suddenly presented himself to me, near the field of battle, to ask where the wounded were to be found. He had come on foot about twenty miles. No government pays him; he is a volunteer in the best sense of the word. Every witness of his efforts prays God to give him the recompense he deserves. He is in the prime of life, of noble appearance and distinguished manners."

A missionary chaplain, the Abbé Mussas, chaplain of St. Genevieve, relates a scene which passed on the 16th of August, 1870, at Rézouville, to show that sometimes not a word, nor even a gesture, is needed to relieve suffering.

"I remember (he says) a soldier in the house at the corner of the Rue de l'Eglise, who had one of the most terrible wounds I have seen during this war, where I have seen so many. The surgeon was leaning over him, forcing into place organs from which the skin had been entirely removed. The mere sight of the operation made me shudder, and the sufferer, his head thrown

back upon the ground, his features pale and contracted, his arms locked, moaned piteously. I drew near and knelt beside him; then I gently raised his head, supporting it with my left hand, while with my right hand I held his arms, or stroked his forehead or cheeks, as one might do with a sick child. But I did not speak to him, and only my eyes fixed upon his told him how much I sympathized in his sufferings. This was enough to calm him immediately; and although the surgeon still continued his cruel service, he ceased moaning. After some moments, as I moved a little to take a position more convenient to myself, without disturbing him, he thought I was going to leave him. 'Pray do not go away,' he cried, 'it does me so much good to see you there!' I stayed until the end of the operation, after which he fell into the heavy sleep which often follows a severe crisis."

Thus we see that the ministry of the priests takes a thousand different forms, example, prayer, and even silence.

A captain of "chasseurs à pied" relates the following :

"I had just been carried to an ambulance established in a barn. The number of the wounded increased every moment, and the two surgeons were quite insufficient, being called in every direction. Two artillerymen entered, bearing a priest, whom they placed upon the damp straw of the ambulance. His head bound with a bloody handkerchief, his pale face, closed eyes, and parted and trembling lips, all showed that he had been struck by a projectile. Being able to walk, I went towards this priest, who wore upon his breast a red cross upon a white ground. I raised his head, and taking some water, bathed his eyes and face. He soon recovered consciousness and looked around him. I called one of the surgeons, who examined and quickly dressed the wound, caused by a ball which had grazed the skull. During the operation the priest prayed with clasped hands. After having thanked me, he rose, and, leaning on a fork which had been left in the barn, moved toward the wounded. I resumed my place on the straw, and saw him kneel beside those who were suffering most, take their hands, and speak to them in low tones. The poor wounded soldiers looked at him with eyes bathed in tears; his words seemed to console them all. One of these soldiers had his jaw broken, and the lower part of his face enveloped in bandages. He was an old dragoon, whose flashing eyes, alone visible, expressed the joy with which he listened to the words of the priest. Wishing to change his position, the dragoon raised his

right hand, cleft by a sabre-cut. The blood had coagulated, and no longer flowed from this wound; but the effort and motion opened the vein. The priest called to the surgeon, and while he took from his box the necessary compresses and bandages, the priest supported the arm of the soldier. Then I saw two great drops of blood fall from the brow of the priest, and, flowing down his pale cheeks, drop upon the hand of the dragoon. The blood of the priest had mingled with the blood of the soldier. What had long since been realized in the ideal world had just been accomplished in this material world."

Père Tailhan, of the Society of Jesus, formerly missionary in Canada, had wished to be attached as chaplain to the seventh battalion of the "Mobiles" of the Seine. He was beloved by officers and soldiers. In the fight of Buzenval, Père Tailhan, having lost his battalion, joined the "Mobiles" of Seine-et-Marne, and went into the battle with this battalion. He received almost immediately a severe wound in the head from a ball. Surrounded by many officers and soldiers who wished him to be taken to the ambulance, for the blood flowed profusely, the Jesuit replied: "It is nothing; a wound on the head does not hinder me from marching; I shall stay here as long as a soldier may need my ministry." The head of the priest was bound up with a handkerchief, and he remained under fire, going to the wounded to help them, or give them his blessing. This devotion was nearly fatal to Père Tailhan, for some days after an erysipelas appeared, which endangered his life. He was mentioned in the order of the day.

Perhaps the best service rendered by the Christian soldiers of France during the war, was to show that religion gives fortitude and courage. Believers proved themselves better disciplined, more energetic, and far more brave than unbelievers. Thus the country finds a better protection in the religious man than in the unbeliever or the ungodly, and it becomes evident that patriotism is inseparable from religion.



This could be easily proved by argument, but is still more clearly shown by examples.

The whole army of Africa knew General Renaut, who had received the name of "Renaut of the rear-guard," for his brilliant bravery in retreat. On the field of battle his pale thin face was illuminated by an inward fire; the smell of powder intoxicated him, and he breathed its perfume with visible delight. During the siege of Paris, General Renaut, Senator of the Empire, was in command of the first corps of the second army. At the battle of Champigny, being struck down by the explosion of a shell, he was taken up by the Christian Brothers and carried to the hospital. On arriving, he asked for a religious, and the chaplain came to him immediately. The General held out his hand with a look of satisfaction, then, without waiting for a question from the priests, repeated aloud: "I believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. I have confidence in the prayers of my sister, who is a religious at Tours; oh, yes, she prays for me!" He was silent and looked slowly around him, until his eyes rested on a picture of the Blessed Virgin. "Oh, yes, I love her, and I invoke her!" he cried. Death was near. The General, intrepid under fire, brilliant in battle, brave among the bravest, asked for the crucifix, which he pressed to his lips while receiving Extreme Unction. Then, while those around his bed were kneeling in prayer, he broke the silence, and said: "Yes, pray for me; pray for France! I die for France!"

General de Sonis, wounded in the battle of Patay, underwent the amputation of a leg. He had displayed great bravery in bringing off the Pontifical Zouaves. Forty-six years old, and father of ten children, he was sustained by religion and chivalrous feeling. Three of his sons, the youngest of whom was not sixteen years old, served as

soldiers in 1870. The following lines, written by General de Sonis, give a true picture of this noble Frenchman and Christian: "When God gives lessons, he gives them like a master—nothing is wanting in that which France is now receiving." "For ourselves, let us not talk; but let us pray God not to abandon us, and to give us grace to die as Christians ought, with arms in our hands, our eyes raised to heaven, face to face with the enemy, and crying: *Vive la France!*" "In joining the army, I condemn myself to death. God will preserve me if he so will; but I shall have him every day in my breast, and you well know that God never, never capitulates." Truly, if France had had many such sons, her salvation would have been assured.

During the war of 1870-1871, a military corps was formed under the name of "Legion of Volunteers of the West." This corps is more generally known under another name, the Pontifical Zouaves. The religious patriotism of the soldiers of this legion is most striking, in the midst of all the evil passions let loose by the recent revolution. We must go back to the time of the Crusaders to find such men of war. Their brilliant bravery, their silent devotion, the proud and respectful bearing, were the admiration of the army. "Respect is passing away," said Royer-Collard; "but the Pontifical Zouaves revived respect. They respected others, and made themselves respected."

Their call for volunteers was heard not only in the chateau; the peasant's cottage supplied, as comrade to the gentleman, the simple-hearted laborer, upright in spirit and strong of arm. The battle of Loigny would have been enough to immortalize a regiment of the line. Here the Pontifical Zouaves were only 350 in number, and 207 were left upon the field of battle. Four officers escaped the carnage, the others were either dead or wounded.

On the 10th of January, near Le Mans, the Pontifical Zouaves again distinguished themselves. General Gougéard, passing at evening before the line, said to them: "Zouaves, you are heroes; to-day you have saved the army." Of six captains, four had been killed. When in August, 1871, the Zouaves were disbanded, the Minister of War said, in his order of the day: "The army thanks you, by my voice."

A battalion of the "Mobiles" of Eure-et-Loir was commanded by Hippolyte de la Molère. This officer, who fell in the combat at Epernon, was at once truly pious and chivalrously brave. Some days before his death he said to his young soldiers: "My friends, I have Mass said to-day for us all. I oblige none to be present; but, in coming to pray with me to him who holds in his hand the destiny of France and our own, you will give me pleasure." So winning was the voice of their chief, that all united in prayer. On the day of his death, La Molère went

to battle knowing that his single battalion could not resist the enemy. He was marching with firm step, his sabre in his hand, when he met a priest in the principal street of Epernon. Kneeling, the officer said: "Father, I may die. Please hear my confession, and give me absolution." Two hours after, he had given back his soul to God, and the priest, a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians, was marching towards the enemy's camp.

Captain Bouvière was adjutant-major of the 77th of the line. He had distinguished himself in Mexico as a brilliant, chivalric, and highly accomplished officer. At the commencement of the war, he wished to receive Holy Communion; a few days later he was mortally wounded. Lying on the bloody ground, he raised himself with great effort, and said with firm voice: "Now that I have received Extreme Unction, I take you to witness that I die like a soldier and a Christian."

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## MESSINA AND CATANIA.

ANY one who has not been himself a traveller, and who in the yearly exhibitions of pictures, whether of oil or water-color, has stood entranced before the glowing coloring of a Stanfield or a Richardson, may well conceive the Mediterranean to be an exquisitely beautiful and peaceful lake—blue as azure by day, golden with phosphoric light at sunset, and perhaps still more lovely when the cold gray glimmer of moonlight tips the crest of each tiny wave, and throws dark sharp shadows athwart each tawny-colored sail. Far different generally, however, are the recollections of those who have habitually, especially during the

winter seasons, ploughed their way across this stormy sea. It justifies more than any other the epithet bestowed on it by the old French writer of "*élément traître*;" and from the smallness of the usual passenger-boats, and their insufficient accommodation, the sufferings of the unhappy passengers obtain but slender alleviation. So our travellers found, when fate led them in an evil hour to choose this means of locomotion from Palermo to Messina. It was, therefore, with very great joy that, on rounding the Point, they came at last in sight of the bright and glittering town, with its fine port and busy harbor, its ruined



forts and beautiful background of mountains, above which (though at fifty miles' distance) Etna towers with its snow-capped peak. The Faro Point stretches so far eastward as apparently to meet the opposite coast, while the long range of Appennines, with their bare and arid sides, give a picturesque character to the otherwise uninteresting Calabrian shores.

Leaving the servants to prepare their breakfast in the somewhat noisy hotel, our party went directly on landing to the cathedral. It is one of the few buildings which have escaped the terrible earthquakes which have desolated and overthrown the greater part of this ancient town. In truth, the position of the city, between Etna on the one hand and Stromboli and Vesuvius on the other, renders it peculiarly liable to these convulsions. The Messinians say that the cathedral was saved by the direct interposition of the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous picture by St. Luke hangs over the gorgeous high altar, which is a masterpiece of inlaid work, and one of the finest known specimens of Florentine mosaic. At the back of the altar-screen is the famous letter, supposed to have been written by the Virgin herself to the Messinese after they had been converted by the preaching of St. Paul, assuring them of her favor and protection. The cathedral was built by the good Count Roger, and though much injured by subsequent restorations, still retains some interesting portions of the original work. Such are the vault of the tribune and of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, rich with mosaics, as at Monreale; the fine old granite pillars in the nave; the ancient font in white marble, surrounded by a broad band of mosaics; the lectern, resting on four lions; and a handsome jasper paschal candlestick.

The facade is in some respects like that of the cathedral of Siena, hav-

ing broad bands of red and white marble, with mosaics between; and the Norman doors are singularly rich in carving and decoration. There is a beautiful bénitier, leading to the door of the sacristy, of early Norman date, resting on an inverted marble column, with pagan Greek inscriptions. The sacrario is rich in cinquecento church plate and relics. There are some very fine monuments, especially one to an old Greek Bishop, and another of a Spanish Archbishop of Cordova. Beneath the cathedral is the Norman crypt, with its low marble columns, Byzantine pictures, and groined roof. One of the ladies went behind the high altar to see if she could find the niche of the monk mentioned in the famous Messinian ghost story; but the carved woodwork of the choir has effectually covered up the supposed site of the apparition. To those of our readers who may not have known this legend it is here reproduced.

In the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down, many lives were lost, the very graves were opened. The only thing which escaped was the cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event, the Chevalier —, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation, and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage. He arrived at Messina on a summer day, and getting the key of the cathedral from the custode—for it was after Vespers—commenced copying the inscriptions and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning; and when he turned round to go out by the

door through which he had come in, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The custode, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighborhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had therefore no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Everything was of marble except the confessionals, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a tolerably comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not so easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the religious awe which the strongest mind might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock. First ten, then the quarters; then eleven, then the quarters again; then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar. The altar candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice, "Is there any priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed; and the monk slowly walked down the church, passing by the confessional where the Chevalier was sitting. As he passed, his eyes being naturally riveted on the figure, the Chevalier saw that the face under

the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half-hour, the same events occurred; the same light appeared, and the same figure; the same question was asked, and no answer returned; and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked slowly down the church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass. As the clock struck one, the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional, and replied in a firm voice, "*I will!*" He then walked up to the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, and summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion, the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and, until to-night, in vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do if I could for you in return; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the custode, very early, at the foot of the altar. After a time he recovered and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to several of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called



his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes; and one from which there was no return." He then told them that the night before, the monk of Messina had appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the cathedral of Messina being restored a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

Returning to their hotel, our travellers found the kind and obliging prefect, Count Z——, in waiting to show them the Marina, and its beautiful promenade, fine fountain, and gay groups of fishermen, and afterwards the church of St. Gregorio, on a rising ground above the town, from whence the view over the straits, city, and port is quite magnificent.

The Sisters of Charity have the care of the military hospital here, as at Palermo, and gave our travellers a beautiful Benediction service. To the children of St. Francis a very interesting little church in Messina is the Oratory of the Merchante, built in the sixteenth century. Its walls are covered with frescoes and paintings, illustrative of the saint's life; the large altarpiece, which represents his death, being looked upon as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Schidoni. The churches and university teem with pictures of the Messinese school, but they are rarely of any great merit.

The following day saw our party *en route* for Catania. They had determined to have a long morning at

Taormina, and so started directly after the six o'clock Mass.

At Messina, as in Spain, it is the custom of all women to go *veiled*, and in black, to church. One of the English ladies, approaching the altar that morning in a bonnet, was gently told that she could not communicate without being in what was there considered the only suitable dress; which, luckily, she was able at once to adopt.

Passing through the Porta Ciera, and on through mulberry and vine-trellised slopes leading down to the beach, they came to Cape Scaletta, with its ruined watch-tower and picturesque rocks. The fine Benedictine monastery of St. Placido, built in the Italian style, is perched in a glen of the mountains above. From La Scaletta, crossing a ravine spanned by a picturesque bridge, the road winds round another headland, called Capo Grasso, marking, with the cape on the opposite coast, the entrance to the Straits of Messina. The whole scenery reminded the travellers strongly of the Corniche. Here lies the village of Ali, noted for its mineral baths, the resort of so many Sicilians during the summer months. Our party had two very light carriages, with four horses in each, so that they bowled rapidly along the beautiful road, and in a very short time found themselves at Cape St. Andrea, where a road branches off to the left, and winds up to Taormina. At the point of the headland they looked down on two romantic little bays, shut in by bold rocks of marble, which project into the sea, and are hollowed into large caverns, full of sea-birds, reminding them a little of Handa Island. From every available niche and cranny of the fine cliffs of mica slate and marble which overhung the road, sprouted forth cactus and aloes and carouba, and a multitude of flowering plants. Leaving the main road, and following the steep path up the hillside, the party, hot and breathless, arrived at

last at the little church of St. Pancrazio, built on the ruins of a Greek temple, just outside the gate leading into the town. Taormina itself is a poor and dirty little place, but is perched in a glorious situation, on a rocky ledge overlooking the valleys below, surrounded by a Saracenic wall, with square towers at intervals, said to have been repaired by Charles V. There are still some very curious and interesting remains of the old Sicilio-Gothic palaces. Leaving their carriages at the miserable Locanda, which is the only attempt yet made to accommodate the many visitors to this beautiful spot, our travellers again pushed on, in spite of the burning sun, and toiling up a steep and rugged path, fringed with wild sweet roses and prickly pear, reached at last the famous theatre. It rests against the sides of a hill, the seats being hewn out of the rock, and is in perfect preservation. But its glory consists in the view, which exceeds anything in Europe; looking on the one hand on the beautiful line of coast and bright blue sea, and on the other on the mountain range, above which towers Etna, at that moment sending forth jets of fire and smoke, which towards evening shed a crimson glow over the whole surrounding country; while in the middle distance are gardens and orange-groves, and stone pines and cypresses, and picturesque villages, and convents and churches, and a luxuriance of vegetation, and a brightness of coloring, and a clearness of atmosphere, which drive a painter to positive despair, from the sheer impossibility of reproducing, even in a faint degree, the intense beauty of the original. Well may Faber exclaim: "Sometimes in a beautiful climate we come upon a scene which, by its surpassing beauty, so satisfies mind, heart, and senses, that we sit entranced, taking it in without understanding it, and resting in the simple enjoyment of the sight. Thus, for awhile a man may sit

amid the folds of Etna, or on the marvellous mountain-shelf of Taormina, and look out upon the scene. Everything that wood and water, rock and mountain, dazzling sky and translucent air can do, with the grand spirit of old history brooding over all, is there. It cannot be analyzed or explained. We are taken in the nets of a beauty which masters us, and the sheer thought of it is a joy without thought for hours."

Our party spread their luncheon in the shade of some of the broken columns, and one of them tried to sketch, but threw away the result of the attempt in despair. They then visited the so-called Naumachia, of which only the Roman wall remains; and then with reluctance retraced their steps towards the old town. The cathedral has a fine Sicilio-Gothic doorway, with shafts of white marble and black lava, and fine dog-tooth mouldings. In the midst of the town rises an old Saracenic castle, with a chapel on the summit called La Madonna della Rocca. At the back of the castle rock is a picturesque old abbey, the windows of which are still filled with exquisite tracery. Determined to leave no part unseen, the more enterprising of the party resolved, in spite of the heat, to toil up to the little village of Mola, which is situated on a lofty peak overhanging the town. It was by this very track that Dionysius of Syracuse climbed up one winter night, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and surprised the garrison. From the portal of the old church of Mola, with its red marble pillars and round arches, the magnificent view fully repaid our travellers for the toil of the ascent.

Leaving Taormina, and descending once more to the highroad, they came upon Capo Schiso and the village of Naxos, the first Greek settlement in Sicily. Here the inhabitants, as in the village called Del Greco, near Palermo, still wear the Greek dress on high days and holidays, and speak the Greek tongue.



On the beach close to this village is a fine statue of St. Pancrazio, the first Bishop of Sicily, ordained by St. Peter in the year 40, and called the Apostle of Sicily, as he first converted it to the Christian faith. Crossing a succession of rapid streams, fed by the snows of Etna, whose eruptions sounded day and night like the detonation of artillery, they drove through a region almost unequalled in fertility, and yielding grain and wine of all kinds in the greatest abundance. On the right was the famous stone pine and chestnut wood, of which the chestnut trees are the largest in the known world, being between 60 and 70 feet in circumference. After this the road enters on a waste of lava, the remains of former eruptions; the coast breaks into bold and rugged cliffs, which show where the fiery torrent has been checked by meeting the adverse element, which has worn them into grotesque forms and hollowed them (as in the Giant's Causeway or the island of Portland) into numerous caverns, supported by natural piers and columns, which it is hard to believe are not hewn by the hand of man. This kind of scenery continues up to the very gates of Catania, which town our travellers reached soon after dark.

Earthquakes and eruptions have combined to overthrow and destroy this bright and beautiful city; but nevertheless, it always rises again from its ruins, and at this moment is one of the cleanest and gayest towns in Sicily, abounding in commerce and manufactures and with a very agreeable society. The Catanese have a proverb:

"Se Catania avesse porto,  
Palermo sarebbe morto."

Be that as it may, the glistening white houses against the dark lava-beds which surround the city, and the many towers and palms which rise up against the bright blue sky, give it an Eastern appearance, which

is very striking, and which is heightened by the dress of the women, who wear the large manto of black silk, covering all of the face except the eyes, with bright-colored petticoats, as at Cairo, and strings of coral or pearls.

The morning after their arrival found some of the party very early at the great church of the magnificent Benedictine convent, said to be the largest monastic building in Europe. The Superior, the Abbate D——, a man of high birth, first-rate ability, and singular personal holiness, received his guests with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

After Mass and Benediction were over, the latter being most beautifully sung, the Abbate requested the organist, Prince C——, to play something to his guests; with which request he instantly complied, and most good-naturedly went on for more than an hour with every description of music. It is difficult to conceive a more magnificent instrument, and it is, in fact, declared to be the finest in Europe, certainly exceeding those at Haarlem and at Freiburg, both in the sweetness of its tone and its marvellous power. After hearing the organ, the Superior took them into the sacristy, where there is a fine picture, by Novelli, of Tobias and the Angel. The relics are very valuable, especially one of the nails of the True Cross, which is preserved in an exquisite reliquary of the fifteenth century. From the sacristy, the party, by papal permission, visited the abbey, going through the cloisters and up a fine staircase to the corridors, opening out of which are the cells and refectories. But the glory of the monastery is its garden, with its terraces and fountains, its myrtles and oleanders, its orange-trees and cypresses, and its exquisite and varied flowers. The monks are all of noble families, and do not exceed fifty in number. They have a museum, chiefly of Sicilian antiquities and natural products, and a magnifi-

cent library, containing many most beautiful manuscripts, and including a very curious copy of Cæsar's Commentaries, a Psalter of the thirteenth century, a fine illustrated Dante, and a beautifully illuminated Bible of the fifteenth century, besides some wonderful Breviaries and martyrologies. The Abbate then kindly entertained his guests at breakfast in his own charming rooms, where he receives audiences and virtually transacts most of the diocesan business.

From the convent he good-naturedly undertook to escort our party to the Santo Carcere, or prison where St. Agatha was confined, and finally martyred. The church has nothing remarkable in it but a fine Norman portal, which was originally brought from the cathedral. The cell of the martyr is inclosed in a little chapel to the right of the high altar. St. Agatha was tortured at fifteen, in the time of the Decian persecution, by order of the Prefect, who wished to marry her. Enraged at her constancy, he caused her breasts to be cut off. But God healed her wounds in the prison, and the inhuman judge, untouched by the miracle, then caused her to be laid on a grid-iron, and consumed by a slow fire, under which torment she expired. The exact spot of her sufferings and death is pointed out. From thence the Abbate took our travellers to see the church and convent of St. Placida, a very beautiful Benedictine convent, where the nuns received them most kindly, giving them ices and fruit, and showing them all the treasures of their house. The cathedral is uninteresting, badly kept and badly served. Built by Count Roger, it has been almost entirely destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, and contains now nothing worth looking at but the relics of St. Agatha, which are kept in a silver shrine in a side chapel dedicated to the saint; and

which are carried in procession on the day of her martyrdom.

Our travellers next visited the Museo Biscari, which contains the largest known collection of Sicilian antiquities, and some very beautiful statues and terra-cotta vases. Catania still boasts of the remains of a very fine amphitheatre, theatre and baths, although nearly buried by successive earthquakes. After Benediction at the cathedral, the evening was spent listening to a very good military band, under the kind patronage of their German friend, Colonel E—— (to whom they have brought letters of introduction), and sitting eating ices in the Piazza del Duomo, which has a European reputation. In the centre is the famous fountain of the elephant, the device of Catania, and on its back rises an obelisk, evidently of Egyptian origin, supposed to have been brought by the Crusaders from the East. This piazza is in the centre of the town, and from the streets which radiate from it, the views are equally beautiful on all sides.

Some friends having arrived the following day in their yacht, tempted the party to go down to the port, which is small, and can only contain vessels of small tonnage. It is picturesquely overhung by old walls and gates, said to have been constructed by Charles V. The quay has been turned into a promenade, with avenues of acacia and seats of marble; a very pleasant evening lounge for those who have been toiling all day in the intense heat of the centre of the town. The Prince and Princess R—— also arrived that day with the last news from Rome, and agreed to accompany our party to Nicolosi, where, by the advice of the Prefect, they had settled to go that afternoon in order to make arrangements for the ascent of Etna.



"BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH."

OH, dress thy tent with lilies and with palms,  
Robe thee in marriage-raiment white and holy,  
And greet his coming with rejoicing psalms,  
Who hath not scorned to choose a bride so lowly !

Go forth, upon his pathway gladly flinging  
All the poor treasures thou hast deemed so fair ;  
Behold ! He cometh from the Orient, bringing  
Sceptre and crown for his beloved to share.

Oh, favored one ! all lesser loves forsaking  
(Frail must they seem to thee, and cold and dim),  
Fly to thy king, nor falter, swiftly breaking  
The bonds that strive to hold thee back from him.

But thou art silent ; love, perchance, doth still thee  
In trance ecstatic, deepening more and more ;  
Yet bliss diviner draweth near to thrill thee,—  
The King's bright heralds pass thy threshold o'er !

\* \* \* \* \*

Why, on thy marriage-day, in mourning languish ?  
Lo, he is come at last, thy spouse, thy king !  
Why look on him in white and wordless anguish ?  
Why weep ? Those tears are not love's welcoming.

His sad eyes meet thine own, in mercy heeding  
Thy soul's wild agony reflected there,  
Shrink'st thou because his fair white brow is bleeding  
Under the royal crown his bride must share ?

Shrink'st thou because his choice means pain unspoken,  
Shadows and tears, dread changes, bitter loss,  
The sword unsheathed, sweet bonds forever broken,  
Shrink'st thou because his sceptre is a cross ?

## BIRTH OF PLANTS.

THE vegetable world bears inscribed upon its glorious front a threefold purpose. The first implies that which Emerson would delight to call the culinary use of plants. Under this aspect we regard the plant as ministering to the sustenance of the whole animal world, and above all, of mankind; not alone furnishing the basis of the existence of the human race, but affording the materials for boundless appliances of comfort and convenience. This material relation of the vegetable world, although most important, socially considered, æsthetically must be regarded as the meanest; since it ultimately concerns the animal requirements of each individual, however much these may be glossed over by refinement. Far more lofty is the part which the plant world plays in the regulation of the all-embracing operations of the universe. The scorched and rainless desolation of the Sahara and the overflowing wealth of vitality in the humid forests of the gorgeously clothed tropics, partly owe their characteristic peculiarities to the action of the plant creation. Varying states of climate, dry or humid atmosphere, parched or moist soil, scanty or abundant development of animal, and especially of human, life, in the mass, find their mastering conditions in the nature and extent of local vegetation. Herein the vegetable world is related to the well-being and actual existence of whole races, and the great physical features of entire regions.

But the most sublime and exalted mission of the vegetable creation is as the material interpreter of the spiritual; the veil which conceals but yet declares the mighty Author and Sustainer—the gorgeous tapestry of God's great temple; the emblem of the Eternal, teaching us to look for

the permanent through the mutable and fleeting. The spiritual ordinance of eternal being is nobly symbolized to us in the immutable law of vegetable nature, which decrees that death shall proceed out of life, and life out of death; that the living animal shall feed its vitality upon the dead plant; and the living plant upon the dead animal; that decomposition shall be but the commencement of recomposition; and putrefaction but the symbol of renewed production.

"For though to every draught of vital breath,  
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,  
The melancholy gates of death  
Respond with sympathetic motion:  
Though all that feeds on nether air,  
Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
Grows but to perish and intrust  
Its ruins to their kindred dust;  
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care  
Her procreant vigils nature keeps  
Amid the unfathomable deeps,  
And saves the peopled fields of earth  
From dread of emptiness or dearth."

The inexhaustible fertility of the vegetable world affords matter for profound wonder and admiration to the naturalist. Does a volcanic island rise from the ocean, bare and devoid of aught that can allure man to take up his habitation on its soil, or that can furnish food for his sustenance or implements for his use, yet when years have rolled on, it will be covered by a peculiar form of vegetation, to which will succeed others more perfect; and the sun that glared upon a smoking rocky mass may smile upon an earthly paradise. What have been the weapons which nature has here employed to battle against want and desolation, to cast out death and implant the germs of life? The waves have wafted the seeds of vegetation, and the winds have carried them on their wings. Strangely fashioned insects and brilliantly plumed birds have paused in their flight to wonder or to rest, and, pursuing their careless way, have left

precious traces of their visit—the seeds of a teeming host of plants.

“ Thus in the earth, in water, and in air,  
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,  
Thousands of germs their energies unfold.”

To us, then, it is of the deepest interest to investigate the means by which the limits of the vegetable kingdom are extended, and the multiplication of plants is effected. And even if the relation which this all-important process bears to the life of the universe were less lofty than we have seen it to be, the phenomena accompanying it might well arrest our attention. The function of reproduction is performed in all flowering plants, by the aid of the blossom. In nature everything has a meaning and a purpose; nothing which is superfluous or useless finds a place in its economy; even the flowers—that calm race, all loveliness and tranquillity, without passion or pain, desire or disappointment, whose life is beauty and whose breath is perfume—are destined to play no idle part in the workshop of nature. To them is committed the task of perpetuating vegetable existence; upon their active industry depends the life of every bird that soars in air, of every beast that stalks across the plain, of every insect that crawls over the surface of the earth; the life of man himself; the very existence of the universe as at present constituted. Well may we ask with Tennyson,

“ Who is it that could live an hour  
If nature put not forth her power  
About the opening of a flower?”

Displaying in their form and essence a union of the sweetest utilitarianism with the most ideal beauty, the flowers preside over the birth of the plants under conditions giving rise to fancies that have fed the imagination of generations of poets, and have inspired the gravest botanical philosophers of former ages with pleasant thoughts. Many hundred years have passed since it was first noticed that in several species of plants two differing forms are devel-

oped, and that the one plant never perfects its seed, unless an individual of the other kind flowers simultaneously in its vicinity. Thus, Pliny and Theophrastus relate that the country people hung flowering branches of one kind of date on two boughs of the other, in order to secure full crops; and Kœmpfer recounts that an inroad of Turks into Bassora was checked by the felling of all the date trees of one kind; when the others refused to bear fruit. Yet more romantic is the account furnished us by the Italian Micheli, of the *Vallisneria spiralis*, an inhabitant of the rivers. Here the flowers of the one kind float on the water, those of the other are bound to the bottom of the river, until at the period of flowering they burst from their bondage, float up to the object of their affection, exchange a gentle kiss of love, and are borne away by the rippling wavelet soon to breathe out their life—fit emblems of the ardent lover, consumed by inward flame, and expiring even at the moment when he has attained the consummation of his vows. Alas, that earnest truth-loving science should step in to crush this graceful fabric of the imagination, to strip this history of all its glowing passion, and all its mystery of almost human love! And yet we have no real cause for lamentation. The highest truth is in itself the highest poetry. The simple but eternal and therefore sublime truths which science substitutes for the visionary beauties of the human imagination, far transcend the inventions of the greatest masters of poetry. In the place of isolated and mysterious facts, without visible connection or harmony, it has given us all-embracing principles, and has furnished us with a mastery which will unlock the secret chambers of Nature, and enable us to behold all her operations, regulated by a universal frame of laws.

The minute vegetable cell, artificer of the world of plants, here again comes before us, as the agent by



which the marvels of reproduction are effected. Not only is every increase of mass the result of the development of one cell from another; but, in propagation, as we here understand it, consisting in the separation of new forms of individual life, the cell is equally the efficient instrument. Within those beautiful threadlike structures in the flower which delight us by their endless wealth of form and color, are developed a definite number of single free and unconnected cells, invested with an almost indestructible yellow substance which assumes the most elegant forms. By the influence of each one of these cells—hollow cells they are called—a perfect individual is to be produced, a new plant is to arise. In the centre, either of the same flower, or of another flower on the same, or a different plant, and on the variations in this particular, the Linnæan system of classification was founded, is seen a little pear-like body, from which a funnel-shaped tube is prolonged upward. In the cavity of this pear, the germen of botanists, are developed little seed-buds, each containing one large cell, the embryo sac, which itself produces the germ-cells; the elements of future plants. At the period of flowering, the globular pollen cells fall upon the orifice of the tube, but they cannot pass through, for the tube is wondrous small, and now they may be seen to elongate into a long thread, pierce the seed-bud, arrive at the embryonal sac, and by their magic touch arouse the germ-cell to active life, inducing in it a further cell-formation by which a seed is produced that becomes capable of carrying on a separate existence. Thus the poets may still retain their ideal fictions if they are so minded. They may sing of the triumph of the plant-cell over material nature, a mere contact becoming dynamic and suffering for the production of a new germ of separate being. They may still fable the flower-bearing plant as celebrat-

ing by a kiss the most beautiful act of its renewal.

The scientific value of the discovery of vegetable reproduction by a peculiar cell-formation can hardly be estimated by one unacquainted with the previous state of vegetable and animal physiology. The establishment of this great law has explained what was incomprehensible; it has made brilliant with the light of truth, regions of science formerly dark with doubt; it has imposed order upon a shapeless chaos of confusedly observed phenomena. By its aid we are enabled to distinguish between the reproduction of individuals and what may be called their continuation. For the former is requisite, as we have seen, the dynamizing influence of a cell of one kind, over a cell of another kind, of the sperm-cell over the germ-cell; the latter process, consisting in the multiplication of the original cell by division—a realization of the old paradox—occurs when we break off a slip from a tree, and from this develop a perfect plant. Here, growth takes place solely in virtue of the characteristic power which the individual cell possesses of forming new cells in its interior, which grow and arrange themselves conformably to the vesicle from which they originate. The gardener, in grafting and budding, avails himself practically of this attribute of the cell, otherwise essential as the means of growth in every plant. We especially wish to distinguish this function from the propagation; it is of the highest importance to the student that he should perceive the radical difference between the two processes; and we insist on it the more here, in the hope that some readers of these pages may be led to pursue the subject, and knowing that some of the greatest physiologists, while acknowledging the vast importance of the distinction, have not so stated it as to arrest the student's attention. Continuation of the in-

dividual can occur by the action of one cell only, which exhausts its vitality in developing other cells, as it were offshoots of itself and supplementary of its vital power. For reproduction the confluence of two cells is essential, the one of which acts upon the other so as to give rise to new and separate individual existence (in itself whole) entire and distinct. It is in the first instance by establishing the universal agency of cells in the performance of these great natural functions, and afterwards by distinguishing between the modes in which they acted, and the differing laws by which they were regulated, that physiologists have succeeded in throwing light upon the sacred mysteries of nature. For the application of these principles is far from being confined to the vegetable world; the egg of the chick obeys the same laws as the seed of the plant, and thus a sublime harmony is established throughout the organic world, such as was never before dreamed of in our philosophy.

Marvellously beautiful are the provisions by which the seed is fitted to play its part in the history of the world, where it appears as at once the parent and sustainer of life, the author of vegetable, the support of animal life. So perfect, though withal so simply, is this provision, that seeds have been known to retain their vitality upwards of three thousand years, and, when planted in the earth, to germinate and bring forth. The process of germination itself is attended with special phenomena of the most impressive interest. The cells of the embryo plant require all their energy for the rapid development of its tissues by the formation of new cells; if they were diverted from their active employment in promoting growth in bulk, in order to separate and prepare their own food, it would be at the expense of the rapid development of the plant, which is the great object in view. A most beautiful provision is therefore

made for the supply of food to the embryo. The seed is supplied with a coating of albumen and starch; part of this resolves itself by a process of decomposition into a nutritive fluid, which offers to the embryo cells all the materials of growth already elaborated and prepared for use; while a part, absorbing oxygen, which combines with its carbon, creates an artificial atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, the natural food of the plant, thus at once accustoming the embryo to look forward to an independent life, and, as it were, emancipate itself from a future necessity for foreign help. The interest attaching to this peculiar function of the albumen of the seed will hardly be diminished by the reflection that it is this also which gives the seed its value to man as an article of food, and places all kinds of grain so high in the dietetic scale. Nowhere, perhaps, is the aphorism of Malpighi more applicable: *Tota natura existit in minimis*—nature's highest powers are seen in pigmy forms.

The fertility of resource which these powers can display, appears almost exhaustless; they overcome all material difficulties and are baffled by no physical obstacle. In the process of reproduction, not only is it necessary that the pollen-cells and the germ-cells be relieved simultaneously, so that, at the moment of effusion of the one, the other are ready to receive them, but provision must be made for those cases in which the relative position of stamen and germen is such as to apparently preclude the possibility of their being brought into contact. In many flowers, the stamens are placed at a distance around the germen, and here they may be seen to contract their circle of distance, curve over, and shed their golden shower of pollen-cells. In others the lofty pistil towers above the stamens, and then the flower gracefully droops its head, so that the pollen, in falling, will

reach its destination, or the pistil itself gently bends until it touches the stamen, and forthwith returns to its former position, instinct with animal life. But, sometimes, as in the orchids and other families of plants, the complicated structure of the organs and their irregular position seem to defy the efforts of vegetable nature and set her powers at nought. Foreign forces then come to her aid, and, while revolving in undisturbed vicissitude in the performance of their own natural duties, exert so powerful and essential an influence over the development of the plant world, that it is difficult to believe that this is not their peculiar task. For, if it be land-plants that require this foreign aid, the breeze will carry far and wide the showers of pollen-cells, and scatter, at least, a part of them over the productive plant; if it be water-plants that require this foreign aid, then the waves wash over the germens, and the pollen is conveyed to them. The part which the insect world takes in increasing the fertility of the plant is no less important. The bee that sucks in many a flower, flies off with a mass of pollen-cells glued to its thighs; and, upon its avidity in seeking

nectar, depends the propagation of many a tribe of plants. We may be told that a glutinous substance adheres necessarily to the bee, and that this pollen is deposited in its right place accidentally. That the hot winds of the Sahara, loaded with sand, should carry about the pollen of the date-trée, or that the rivulet should play in little ripples, are, according to the same reasoning, but simple and natural events dependent upon fixed laws of nature. What consciousness has the beetle, which in the wilds of Kamschatka, facilitates by its thefts, the increase of the lily, that on its activity depend the life of nearly the whole population of Greenland, and their sustenance through winter? What has the wind in common with the date harvest and the sustenance of millions, or the wave with the diffusion of the human race, for which it paves the way by wafting the cocoanut to distant shores? But the greater consideration will arise in most minds. If all this be but the result of natural laws, whence this marvellous combination of unintelligent forces to bring about events which have so deep an influence over the history of mankind?

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## THE ONYX AND THE CAMEO.

FEW productions of art are more delicately beautiful than *cameos*, or, as some writers give the plural, *camei*. It is sometimes thought that a medal or medallion, or a similarly engraved article in relief, is necessarily a cameo; but there is a needless confusion of terms here. Cameo has a special meaning, and a very pretty meaning too. It is understood that, in a good cameo, the ground shall be of a different tint from the

raised device; and the difficulty is, to find a substance which presents this difference. It will not suffice to paint the cameo, as a means of producing the diversity; this would be a sham, a factitious and imitative affair, having no value in the eyes of a person of taste.

In olden times, the cameo engravers always employed gems or valuable stones, selected with especial reference to variations in tint; but the



cheap cameos of modern days are made of shell, and the still cheaper imitations of glass. The *onyx* appears to have been more generally selected than any other gem—obviously in consequence of the very remarkable tints which it presents. The true onyx of the mineralogist does not mark the limit of application; for the engravers give the same name to other stones, which, though mineralogically different, are, in structure and appearance, very similar. The two chief kinds employed are the sardonyx and the carnelian onyx. The use of such stones for such a purpose is of so high antiquity, that no one can safely name the period of its introduction. There may be truth in the supposition that the art was invented in India, thence introduced into Egypt, and thence copied by the Jews, who practiced it after the Exodus from Egypt. Be that as it may, the numerous passages in the Bible relating to engraved stones and jewels are well known, and point to the existence of the art among the Israelites. "Onyx stones and stones to be set in the Ephod, and in the breastplate of the highpriest," are among the gifts which the people were commanded to bring to the tabernacle. Moses was also commanded to take two onyx stones, and engrave on them the names of the children of Israel, or rather of the twelve tribes, six on the one, and six on the other. The instructions are very precise, for they relate to the "work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings on a signet." It is true that this does not necessarily imply a production analogous to a cameo, since it may have been engraved in intaglio or sunken lines, instead of in relief. So far as can at present be judged, the Hindoos, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Persians, chiefly valued their engraved stones for the written or hieroglyphic characters wrought on them; but the more refined Greeks aimed at higher results; they sought

to render their engraved stones works of art, and it was then only, properly speaking, that true cameos were produced. When heads and figures were introduced upon the gems, the fancy of the Greeks had at once a wide field opened for its exercise. The Romans, likewise, practiced the art with great skill, and some of their productions, still extant, are truly wonderful. The Italians, who derived their knowledge of the art from their predecessors the Romans, are at the present day the most skilful cameo engravers; the productions of France and England in this art being less striking.

It appears that Oberstein, a small town in Prussian Saxony, furnishes the chief supply of onyxes for the cameo engravers. Some are brought from the Brazils and from the East Indies, but the European artists depend chiefly upon Oberstein. The onyx occurs in detached pieces in the ground, in rows, all separated like the nodules of flint in chalk. The value of each specimen depends mainly on the character of its markings or tints. Sometimes chalcedony and carnelian are stained to imitate real onyx; and this, indeed, forms one of the arts carried on at Oberstein. There are layers or strata in chalcedony, which, though presenting the same tint to the eye, differ in texture and compactness. The stone is capable of absorbing fluids in the direction of the strata; but this power differs in the different strata, some of which will absorb more than others. Hence it follows that one single stone, treated with one single liquid, may be made to present as many gradations of tint as there are layers or strata, owing to their difference in absorptive power. This fact renders clear a statement in Pliny, which was long a matter of puzzlement. He speaks of the Roman artists boiling the onyx stones with honey for seven or eight days. This statement, once discredited, is now believed, for there are dealers in

agate, onyx, chalcedony, and carnelian, at Oberstein and Idar, who have manufactories in which analogous processes are carried on.

This onyx dyeing is very curious. It was for many years a secret in the hands of one person at Idar, who is supposed to have derived it from Italy; but the art seems now to be regularly practiced in the two towns above named. Suppose the artist to have a piece of chalcedony, or of red or yellow carnelian, which he wishes to convert into an onyx for the cameo engraver; he proceeds as follows: The stone is carefully washed and dried; it is placed in a clean vessel containing honey and water, and is there maintained at nearly a boiling heat for a period of two or three weeks; the watered honey being renewed as fast as it evaporates. This done, the stone is transferred to a vessel containing strong sulphuric acid; it is covered over with a piece of slate, and the acid is heated to 350 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. If the stone be soft, a few hours of this powerful ordeal will suffice; but a harder specimen may require immersion in the hot acid for a whole day. The stone is then washed and dried in a kind of oven, it is polished, and it is steeped for some days in oil. The oil is afterwards removed by rubbing the stone gently with bran. Sulphuric acid is used only in the cases when a dark or onyx ground is required; if a red or carnelian ground be sought, the acid is nitric instead of sulphuric. We have spoken of one stone only, but several are operated upon at once. Now, the conjoint action of the honey, the acid, and the oil appears to be this: the honey gradually penetrates into the porous layers of the stone, and is rapidly carbonized in the pores by the acid; this carbonization deepens the tints of the dark layers in the onyx specimens, and of the red layers in the carnelian specimens; while the heat increases the opacity of the white

layers, thus rendering the contrast more striking.

There are mechanical processes carried on at Oberstein, besides this chemical treatment of a particular kind of stone for a particular purpose. Besides onyx, agate, chalcedony, and carnelian, the Oberstein lapidaries work upon amethysts and other stones and gems. The rough chalcedony or onyx stones are ground upon small mills formed of very hard sandstone, mounted on horizontal axes, and worked by water-power. The stones are generally ground until some particular layer or tint comes conspicuously to the surface; and then a polishing process succeeds. It is after this grinding that the singular chemical coloring operation is conducted, in those specimens which, whether onyx, or sardonyx, or carnelian, are to be used for cameos. A method very strange to all but those familiar with its adoption is employed for determining the value of the stones. A small fragment is broken off, and is moistened with the tongue; the buyer carefully notes the rate at which the moisture dries away; he examines to see whether it be absorbed by the stone quickly or slowly, and whether in equal or different degrees by the different layers. According to the greater or lesser rapidity of absorption, and to the equality or inequality of the absorption in different parts, so does he judge the susceptibility of the stone to receive the peculiar coloring action by means of honey, on which its fitness as a cameo material so much depends. The cameo-stones prepared at Oberstein and Idar are estimated at about \$15,000 annual value.

When a suitable piece of stone reaches the hands of the cameo engraver, he has many matters to take into consideration before he can commence his artistic labors. He has to determine what his design shall be, and how far the layers of the stone will be suitable for that

design. Supposing him to select a head or bust on a dark ground, he would wish that the line of division between the light and dark layers of the onyx should be clearly defined, so as to coincide with the line of division between the device and the ground. When the stone consists of several layers of color, considerable scope is afforded for the exercise of judgment in selecting a design, in which the whole of the colors can be rendered available consistently with true artistic effect. In reality, therefore, the cameo engraver does not resolve upon his design, and then search about for an onyx suitable for it; he rather takes an onyx, studies its layers and tints, and adapts a design to it. He may, it is true, have beforehand a general notion of the sort of cameo which he wishes to produce, but leaves himself open to modifications of plan according to the character and qualities of the onyx.

These preliminary matters being settled, the artist proceeds with his delicate labors. He makes a drawing and a model: the drawing is much larger than the stone, but the model is the exact size of the stone. The wax-model is gradually wrought so as to represent the exact device which he wishes to produce in relief on the cameo; and this serves him as a pattern or authority during his work. The outline is sketched on the surface of the stone, and is cut in with a sharp instrument; after which, the whole of the white portion of the onyx, beyond the limits of the design, is cut away, leaving the dark portion as a background. The interior portion of the design is then worked, by gradually cutting away the parts that are to be sunken: the wax-model serving as a guide in respect to the depth to which the various points of the cutting are to be carried. This process of engraving is not effected, as some might suppose, by sharp chisels and gravers; the implements used are small revol-

ving wheels made of soft iron. A sort of lathe is worked by a treadle; the little wheels are made to rotate rapidly; the onyx is held to the edge of a wheel; and the rapid revolutions cause the wheel to cut away or grade the surface of the onyx. It might perhaps be supposed that, as the onyx is harder than the soft iron, the latter would wear away rather than the former; but the stillness of the one and the rapid movement of the other reverse this effect. A tallow candle fired from a gun, will penetrate a deal board, from an analogous cause. The little wheels employed vary in size and shape: some have edges as thin as a knife, while others have the edges more rounded; the largest are seldom more than a fifth or a sixth of an inch in diameter, while the smallest appear little more than mere points, although a magnifier shows them to possess the true circular or disk form. It is not the actual iron of the wheel which cuts the onyx, but a little diamond dust which, moistened with oil, is applied to it. Thus does the artist proceed with his slow and tedious work, cutting away the white part of the onyx until he has realized the full idea of his design. And when this is done, other little wheels of copper and of boxwood are employed to polish the dainty work.

It is little matter for wonder that cameos which require so much patience, skill, and taste, should be costly. A well-executed cameo, with the head of a single figure upon it, costs even at the present day from \$50 to \$150. Nor need we express any surprise that attempts should be made to lessen the expense by employing some cheaper material than prepared onyx. Of all substitutes which have been tried, shells have been found most suitable; and hence has been introduced a new candidate to public favor—*shell cameos*. Some sorts of shell have the advantage of being soft enough to work upon with ease, while they afford the necessary



variety in color. Among other kinds, the shell called the "Bull's Mouth," from Madagascar and Ceylon, has a red or sardonyx inner coat or ground; the "Black Helmet," from Jamaica, Nassau, and New Providence, has a blackish or onyx inner coat; while the "Queen Conch" has a pink ground. These shells are formed of three distinct layers of calcareous matter, deposited one after the other in the formation of the shell. For cameos, the central layer forms the body of the bas relief, the inner layer being the ground; while the third or external layer is rendered available to give a varied appearance to the surface of the design. If the three layers are of different tints, the power of producing beautiful results is greatly increased; but if the layers be not well compacted together, a durable cameo could not result; and the artist has therefore many requirements to guide his selection. The shell called the "Black Helmet" is large enough to yield two or three brooch cameos. The shell cameos are not wrought by revolving wheels, but by sharp cutting tools held in the hand—such as gravers, hardened wire sharpened at the point, and darning-needles. This pretty art-manufacture is said to have been introduced in Sicily about half a century ago, and to have been confined to Italy for twenty years or so; but an Italian then began to make shell

cameos at Paris, where the art has ever since been carried on more extensively than anywhere else.

Besides the cameos made of onyx and of shell, others are now made of glass. It has been found that some kinds of glass, if exposed for any considerable time to a high degree of heat, but below their point of fusion, are so far changed in their properties and texture as to become opaque, fibrous, tough, and extremely hard. It has also been found that two or more layers of glass, of different colors, may be cemented together into one whole. These two facts have rendered it easy to produce a material out of which cameos might be engraved by means similar to those which the flint-glass engraver employs in adorning decanters and table-glass generally. If done quickly and roughly, they are very cheap; if done carefully, they are very beautiful; so that it is not improbable that glass cameos may be produced extensively as illustrations of the finest specimens of ancient art.

It need perhaps scarcely be said, that seal engraving is, in principle, simply the reverse of cameo engraving. The seal is engraved, to use the artistic expression, in intaglio, while the cameo is engraved in relief. The mode of cutting an onyx or carnelian seal would be by small revolving disks or cutters, as in the case of cutting a cameo in the same materials.

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## REFLECTIONS OF A NERVOUS MAN.

I DON'T know what the proper name of the malady is, but I think I shall feel a little better if you will let me make a few growls before a heedless public. I am not ill, in the vulgar sense of the word. My limbs are not broken, my lungs are sound, my skin is clear, my appetite good. I eat,

drink, and sleep heartily. I enjoy my breakfast after eight hours of slumber so profound, that, when reading in bed, I put my fingers into the book as I feel the wings of the dream-god gently floating over me, and next morning I find my thumb upon the passage on which it rested

overnight. I sleep without turning over, or moving a muscle ; and when I dream, I dream pleasantly. I am tall, strong, and healthy. My friends congratulate me on my looks ; and sometimes I think that there is no such thing as kindly perception. They see me gad about. They know that I have a good deal of work to do, and I have the credit of doing it with energy. And yet, honestly, sometimes I have not force enough in me to open a letter. If my fellows could know how acutely I suffer from the mysterious invisible imperative monster which, for lack of knowing better, I call "Nervousness," I should, I know, rejoice in their compassion.

As it is, I marvel at their blindness. Surely I am not the only big-bearded man who has suffered as I do. There must be some who know a phase of physical distress which has no gross outward claim for sympathy. If I lost my appetite, or my hand shook, or my head ached, or if I were little and weak, I might get an entrance into that charming atmosphere of kindliness which is supposed to characterize affectionate social converse. If I could catch a cold, it might do ; but I am inaccessible to chills. I can't cough. Even a corn would be something. Don't suppose, however, that I am a sulky, cheerless companion. I like conversation. Children and animals are fond of me. I enjoy the social chat and pipe. I have dear friends. I am merry too, at times. I can laugh heartily. When, however, I try to hint to some confidant or chum who appears to exhibit a special mood of perceptive kindliness, that I am not so sturdy as I seem, it becomes at once difficult for him to conceal from me that he thinks I am an impostor, or that I am deceived. I am ashamed to plead individually and directly that I am nervous. I can't explain myself. I have even tried to do so to a doctor, but I can see that he misdoubts me ; and yet I know that

many a man for whom his friends feel regard as a sufferer that claims their cheerful help, is less in need of it than I am. Not that I want to plead sickness, and risk the pity that borders on contempt ; I only wish that others knew with how great an effort I sometimes do my work, and how little I am to be blamed when I fail to do it. But who can see the cloud which sometimes rises and wraps me in distressful irresolution ? It often comes an hour or two before noon. I have thought that I can feel for those who fly to the brandy-bottle in the morning. I never do ; I feel sure that I never shall. I have a horror of this inspiration ; but all the same I know that mysterious dissolution of energy, that creeping approach of the alien power which steals away my force, and makes me look with blank despair at the array of the duties of my life. It comes and goes. Sometimes with teeth shut and spur in side, I charge it, and conquer. Again, I yield. I *cannot* do this, I *cannot* do that. I say to myself : "Let others think me lazy, neglectful. I know I am neither. I am fighting dragons. I must pause. I will rest." . . . I wrote this when I had gone down into the country for a holiday. I had rested some time, and I felt none the better for it. I had been much worn, and the kind influence, not only sleep, but all that is associated with real rest, had not begun to do me good. But as it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, so the tail of a holiday suddenly fulfils itself, and brings to bear the accumulated powers of repose. Thus the end of my vacation gave force to the whole of it. I became better. My thoughts began to travel back towards my work without distaste. I began to find myself making plans, and thinking of what I should like to do. I am quite sure that I shall take a new lease of work. I am somehow conscious of a replenishment of mental energy, which is the spring out of

which whatever I do—be it wise or foolish—rises. The little pond which holds my store of life is no longer shrunk. I don't know what has filled it; possibly drains, but it has got itself, if not full, yet in a way towards such fulfilment as makes the domestic geese of my brain paddle therein with cackle, pleasure, and apparent promise of fat.

The nervous patient, and his name is Legion, is most effectually relieved by genuine rest. I question whether change brings to him what rest conveys. Change involves, almost necessarily travel; and travel brings fuss. I don't give the name of "change" to the one move from the town to the country, or the country to the town. I understand by it the shifting from place to place. Now, sometimes this is very wearisome. You have no time to settle; you give no time for the mental sores and raws to heal. The dust which you have in yourself, in your mortal mixture, has no time to precipitate itself, or "pitch," as housemaids say.

Whereas in rest, in the idlest dawdling, which resents the trouble of drawing a cork or filling a pipe, which dawdles thus without shame or reflection, the obscuring particles that float in the brain begin slowly to settle down. The turf begins to grow again upon the trodden paths of what would be verdant thought. The skin forms over intellectual sores. The head is as empty as a college lecture-room in September. The patient's chief exhibition of vitality is a sulky refusal to exert himself. And in so far as he triumphs in repudiating exertion, he is in the way of life.

That was the case with me. I was urged to travel, and I refused. I was urged to amuse myself, say in shooting, but I refused. I did nothing—mind you, though I say it myself, I have had hard, anxious work for many years—and on this occasion I did nothing. I hardly cared to read the

paper. I went to sleep after breakfast, I went to sleep after lunch, I went to sleep after dinner; and I slept all night. Meanwhile, I was too lazy to feed my tame ducks. My dearest friends, seeing me big, hearty at meals, and apparently free from sickness, began, I fancy, to waver in their allegiance. I really should, they thought, be all the better for doing something. But, happily, I was not upset by their intelligent and loving criticism. They knew nothing whatever about the matter. So I dozed, and dawdled, and sat, and gaped about, until the charming morning twilight of returning interest in the work of life began to flush my soul.

Next time I get a holiday I shall do the same. And I advise all whose nerves have been worn threadbare with the daily fuss of life to resent all proposals that they should seek relief in change. Rest is what they want, and they can get that sitting on a gate in the dullest flat where there is not an excrescence bigger than a snail-shell for miles around, just as well as they could among the grandest ranges of the Alps. Mind you, I don't mean that mere monotony of work and some diseased depression had not best be cured by change, as lively and contrasting as possible; but when a man is overworked, and though not physically shrunk, exhibits, or rather perceives those phases of mental exhaustion which I have called "nervousness," let no man or woman, friend nor doctor, persuade him to travel. Let him rest. Let him do nothing, think of nothing; but dawdle through a period of sheer inaction.

That is what I did. And I found fresh life settle on me like dew—dew that not only descends upon the surface of the leaf, but sends its quickening influence back into the stores from which alone the leaf and fruit can spring.



## A LENTEN LAUD.

O SOL Salutis, intimis,  
Jesu, refulge mentibus,  
Dum nocte pulsa gratior  
Orbi dies renascetur.

Dans tempus acceptabile,  
Da lacrymarum rivulis  
Lavare cordis victimam,  
Quam læta adurat caritas.

Quo fonte manavit nefas,  
Fluent perennes lacrymæ  
Si virga pœnitentiæ  
Cordis rigorem conterat.

Dies venit, dies tua,  
In qua reflorent omnia:  
Lætetur et nos in viam  
Tua reducti dextera.

Te mundi prona machina,  
Clemens adoret, Trinitas,  
Et nos novi per gratiam  
Novum canamus canticum.

## TRANSLATION.

O Jesus, Thou Salvation's Sun,  
Shine through our souls with wakening ray,  
While Winter's night begins to shun  
The beauty of Spring's newborn day.

Who givest this Lenten time apart,  
Give too a springtide flow of tears,  
To lave therein our victim-heart  
That on joy's altar love's flame sears.

If stricken that heart by the blow  
Of chastening penitential pain,  
That mercy fount's perennial flow  
Shall bear away its every stain.

The day has come, Thine own sweet day,  
When all the earth again shall bloom,  
And we with joy our long-lost way,  
Led back by thy right hand, resume.

Behold the world in penance prone,  
Thee clement Trinity adores,  
Renewed by grace, we seek thy throne  
Where our new canticle upsoars.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

## CARDINAL MANNING'S SAYINGS ON SUBJECTS OF THE DAY.

## WHAT POLITICS REALLY ARE.

WE are told that religion has nothing to do with politics. I would ask, what are politics but the collective morals of men living together in society? The moral laws which govern man as an individual, govern him if he be the member of a community, whether it be the community of a household or the community of a state. I can find no distinction between morals and politics but this, that politics are morals upon a large scale, and that morals are politics on a narrow scale. If you cannot separate politics from morals, and cannot separate morals from religion, then it will be very difficult to separate politics from religion. In fact, they make one whole, and hence revelation and the divine law enter into the whole range of political science. I do not mean to say that revelation has to do immediately with questions of excise or with the penalties for smuggling. I am not speaking of politics in that minute sense, but of the great constructive laws by which human society is held together.

## TRUE AND FALSE HISTORY.

For my part, I believe that there is no such things as what is called scientific history. I can understand the term science when it is applied to knowledge which is definite and certain, and can be resolved into its first principles, which are self-evident. This I believe to be the true definition of science. I can also understand science when it signifies such experimental, and therefore such tested knowledge, as the results of chemistry and the like; for though it cannot be resolved into first principles, self-evident in themselves, nevertheless it arrives at ultimate certainty. But when men tell me that a history of the Popes is

scientific, because through five hundred pages the Popes are called forgers, deceivers, vicious, covetous, and I know not what besides, and all that can be raked together of the garbage and sewage of their enemies in history is collected into a muck-heap—when I am told that this is scientific history, I say that the man who says so does not know what science is, or else, knowing it, is imposing on his readers. I know what true history is, and what adequate history is. It is history which is true and square to the documents upon which it is founded. But that is not science. I have been reported—I do not know by whom—to have said that the Vatican Council has “triumphed over history.” I do not think that I need contradict such a statement; but I will tell you what I did say, and shall always say so long as I have the light of reason, that if there be in the world a Church divinely guided—if there be a Divine Person dwelling in that Church to preserve it from error, then, when that Church has decided, defined, or decreed, any man who appeals from that decision to any human history whatsoever is guilty of rejecting a Divine Teacher, and of the sin of unbelief, of which our Divine Lord said: “Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned.”

## REGENERATED REASON.

As Lord Beacon said, there is a hierarchy of sciences; but above all there is one, and that one is transcendent, and its jurisdiction is universal, and its sovereignty pervades all. The queen of all science is theology or the revelation of God in its scientific form, or in other words God is in all things, whether it be science or theology. God is the

Creator; and his law pervades all fields of light and life. In truth, the sunlight of revelation is like the sunlight of the noonday, and I know only two classes of creatures who have any reason to quarrel with it—owls and bats. I do not see what men gain in believing that there is no God. I do not believe that science will be advanced a step by a pure negation. The regenerated reason is lifted above itself, and being elevated by a higher light it has a wider horizon, and within the circuit of that horizon it sees new truths invisible before. By diligent self-culture the man who has two lights can see farther than the man who has only one. If he has the light of reason a man may be an Aristotle, a Whewell, or a Tyndall in philosophy, but if he has also the light of faith it is certain that the light of nature will not be diminished. As the Vatican Council declares, and the Holy Father has declared again and again, both philosophers and philosophy are subject to revelation, because God is the fountain of knowledge.

#### THE NEMESIS OF THE REFORMATION.

The other day I read a remarkable passage from the writings of Mr. Carlyle. He was speaking of the first great French Revolution, which was a mixture of three things—infidelity, paganism, and bloodshed. What do you think he calls it! If I had said it I should have been burned. He said it was the third and last act of the Protestant Reformation. I do not say that, but I will say that three hundred years ago perverted reason attacked faith, and in the last century the Nemesis of rationalism came to beat down perverted reason.

#### THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

Now I ask you, What reason has the Church to be afraid of the school? Where was the first school founded? In the house of the bishop! Where did it go next? Into the monastery.

Where did it go afterwards but into the university; and who founded the university? Who covered the whole face of the country with the first germs of our grammar schools? Who has been laboring in these last ages to educate the poor? The mother of the poor—the Catholic Church. I believe I only speak the feelings of all Catholics when I say that if the Catholic Church had no fear of being ruined except from the school, it would live a long time. I know much more active powers of ruin which seem to be at work.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL UNITY.

St. Peter, the first Pontiff, was commissioned by his Divine Master to “confirm the brethren.” Pius IX has confirmed the Catholic Church throughout the world by consolidating its unity by calling the brethren round about his own person again and again. Now it is a spiritual law of the Church that a bishop who does not obey the Sovereign Pontiff is not obeyed by his priests; and that a priest who does not obey his bishop is not obeyed by his people. Never has a bishop manifested insubordination against the Pontiff without being troubled by a manifestation of insubordination amongst the priests under his charge; and never has a priest manifested insubordination to his own spiritual pastor, but among his people, in like manner, the same spirit has arisen against himself. But when the bishops are united to the Church, the priests are united to the bishops, and the people are united to the priests. And never has any Pontiff done so much as Pius IX to consolidate the unity of the Church.

#### THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

I will now speak of the Vatican Council, which is another way in which Pius IX has confirmed the Church. Never did the world rise more tumultuously against the Church, and never had it such instruments of disturbance, as when



that Council was assembled. In the time of the Council of Trent there was hardly such a thing as a newspaper ; but, in the time of the Council of the Vatican, the whole world was covered with them ; and every morning, they came out in every land like a flight of birds, full of criticism and full of opposition. For eight months, through all this tumultuous opposition, and through an opposition far more subtle and far more dangerous—the conspiracy of diplomatists and the united intrigues of cabinets—the Vatican Council held on its way, because it was led by one who could never falter. Peter, who confirms his brethren, was at its head, and it made two great decrees. The first declared that the Divine Existence was proved by the light of reason ; and the second was that when the Roman Pontiff, as the successor of Peter and Supreme Head of the Church makes any definition

in matters of faith and morals, it is to be believed by the Universal Church.

#### PIUS IX.

And Pius IX has confirmed us by his own personal character. If there was ever a Pontiff of an unsullied name, of a spotless life, of a fraternal love, of unswerving justice, it is Pius IX. During thirty years he has attracted to himself all who teach his children ; and you who are his children know how much you love him. His very name animates you. And his influence is not confined to his own children. I have known men of every nation—of England and America—who, being in Rome, have sought his presence, and, coming away, have declared that they have never been in a presence such as his. That character is our strength. The world knows it, and the world acknowledges it.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Southern States have occupied a great deal of attention ever since the close of the war. It is sincerely to be hoped that the policy of reconciliation, justice, and non-interference which the President announced in his inaugural on March 5th, will be fairly carried out. The late contest was such a peculiar one, the present occupant of the presidential chair commences his term of office under such a cloud of doubt, with half the country believing he was not elected, that we should imagine every consideration would lead him to pursue such a course as would tend to conciliate those who believe they have been wronged, and to restore the real union of hearts and sympathies, such as existed in the early days of the Republic.

An immense, fertile and productive region, whose resources are even now hardly developed, awaits the era of peace and good government in order to prosper. To Catholics there is much that is interesting in the South. Louisiana and Florida were first discovered by Catholics, and in the former State they are very numerous. In the other Southern States Catholics are few and scattered, but we observe that many signs

of life and activity have lately been exhibited in the Southern dioceses. Bishop Gross, of Savannah, is doing a great work, as witness Pío Nono College, the new Cathedral, and the establishment of a Catholic paper. Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile, who often visits the North, reports that in Alabama there is a good field for the Church. Charleston, associated with the immortal Bishop England of saintly memory, is recovering from its past troubles. Texas is attracting Catholic emigration, and is now divided into several dioceses. Bishop Gibbons, of Richmond, whose diocese extends over Virginia and North Carolina, by his zealous labors and his new work, *The Faith of our Fathers*, is doing much to dispel prejudice and foster Catholicity.

The Southern people, if it cannot truly be said that they are very religious, yet respect religion and have few prejudices against Catholicity. As regards the colored population, the English College at Mill Hill, London, has sent many devoted missionaries to labor among them, and their labors have been crowned with much success.

Negroes are docile, capable of much

fideliety and attachment; they are impressed with ceremonial worship, and make very good Catholics. We should imagine that it only requires that the Catholic religion be placed well before them, in order to secure their adherence. There are negro students in the Propaganda, and negro priests in many parts of the world, and it is quite possible that before A.D. 1900, if proper means are taken and more vocations for this apostolate are found, that the majority of the negroes may become Catholics.

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THE long agony is over, and the United States has a President.

For four months the public attention has been kept on the stretch, and the business interests of the country injured by the political suspense, and the result goes far to justify a criticism we have often seen in European journals as well as in our own, that the United States possesses a large number of able politicians but very few statesmen. No one will say that there has been much statesmanship exhibited. There has been any amount of legal dexterity, there has been any amount of ardent partisanship, there has been remarkable political ability exhibited on both sides, but there has been very little statesmanship; there has been no touch of that genius which exhibits itself in a masterly stroke. Half of the community will believe that the occupant of the presidential chair has not been fairly chosen. Two States have dual governments, and a whole host of important questions remain unsettled, to be disposed of by a President surrounded by advisers in whom the people have little confidence, and a Legislature, the two branches of which are in the control of opposite parties.

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THERE is sometimes a good deal said about all Catholics belonging to the Democratic party. We believe it is true that the bulk of the Irish Catholic population is attached to this party.

But we do not know if the same can be said of the German Catholics, or of any other section of our cosmopolitan population, which includes persons of nearly every nationality. As regards the Irish, if the bulk of them *are* attached to the Democratic party, the fact is capable of a very simple explanation, and is very creditable to both. When the great immigration from Ireland to this country took place thirty years ago, the new arrivals found that one party, the Democratic, were in favor of granting to all who came to help and build up the country, all the privileges of American citizens on easy terms, and they found that the opposite party was more narrow-minded and not so generous, consequently they naturally at-

tached themselves to the more generous and more liberal party, those who were their friends. Their descendants naturally have the same political affinities.

This is the real explanation; to imagine that the Holy Father or the Sacred College of Cardinals have anything to do with it, or that they care anything about Tilden or Hayes, would be the acme of absurdity. Yet, we believe that the famous Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's *Journal of (Un-) Civilization*, draws dark pictures of gloomy plots, concocted at Rome, to destroy American liberty, and of alliances entered into with political parties, to obtain the control of American cities by a "foreign power," and similar rubbish too absurd to be believed in, we should think, even by old women, and yet these lucubrations are spread before the people, and swallowed by many who ought to be more intelligent.

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COL. JOHN O'MAHONY, the ex-chieftain of the Fenians, whose death and funeral obsequies in New York and in Dublin have lately attracted attention, was a remarkable man in many respects. He loved Ireland well if not wisely, and the organization of which he was a leading spirit at one time threatened to cause a serious insurrection in Ireland. That it inspired alarm in Great Britain out of proportion to its apparent strength was very evident. The thief fears "each bush an officer," and "conscience doth make cowards of us all," are true proverbs, and England's consciousness that she had misgoverned Ireland by means of unjust and partial laws, and had been maintaining an established Church alien to the faith of the great majority of the population—the consciousness of this made England fear that the appearance of a Fenian army in Ireland, led by experienced men, would be the signal for the outbreak of a mutiny among the Irish soldiers in her army, and cause a formidable uprising of the people. Those regiments which contained many Irishmen were ordered off to India and other distant places; and simultaneously divisions occurred amongst the Fenians. The story is an old one now. O'Mahony was vindicated from the suspicions that were attached to him. His funeral obsequies were imposing, and he rests in his native land at peace. Cardinal Cullen refused to allow his remains to lay in state in Dublin Cathedral, a refusal which might have been anticipated and was doubtless wise, taking all the circumstances into consideration.

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ONE of the most singular of the delusions which Protestantism has spread is that one effect of Catholicity is to discourage or repress mercantile enterprise and commercial

success. To disprove this fallacy an attentive consideration of some historical facts is all that is required.

Venice was the most Catholic of states at the time it was most wealthy, most enterprising, and most successful. The cities of the Hanseatic League were fervently and devotedly Catholic, and their mercantile success was as remarkable as their enterprise. The most daring navigators of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were Spanish and Portuguese Catholics, men who discovered America, doubled the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, voyaged to China and the East Indies, and circumnavigated the globe, and did all this in vessels which our most courageous and experienced seamen would be afraid to trust their lives in now.

Italy, the seat of the Popes, was also the country most advanced in all the arts of civilization, and abounded in wealthy and splendid cities when England and France were comparatively backward.

The traveller in Europe who visits any of the old Catholic cities, will always find that those which were most remarkable for their commercial activity abound most in splendid and costly churches.

The adversaries of the merchants were not the clergy, but the feudal nobles. It was these chieftains who prided themselves on their skill in arms, and looked down upon mercantile pursuits as low, that used to plunder the merchants, tax them and oppress them by vexatious exactions and tolls.

Wealthy merchants in Catholic times did not leave all their money to their heirs, as the Vanderbilts and Stewarts of our day do. None of these Catholic merchants ever possessed a hundredth part of the wealth of a Vanderbilt, yet Venice, Milan, Bremen, Genoa, Florence, Bologna, Brussels, Antwerp, Nuremberg, Frankfort, London, and other cities, even now, abound in hospitals, churches, town halls, and other magnificent works, the donations of these men.

These remarks may suffice for the past. As regards the present time, the one example of France proves conclusively that if England and America were Catholic countries to-morrow, their commercial importance and mercantile enterprise would not be diminished one iota. It is steam, coal, iron, and mechanical inventions that have caused the marvellous developments of modern times, not Protestantism.

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THE following remarks, on "legitimacy" as a political doctrine, of the Holy Father to a Belgian gentleman, are so clearly and well expressed that we reproduce them here. The Belgian gentleman having expressed his opinions on this subject, the Pope replied:

"I am happy that on this occasion an opportunity is afforded to me to explain to you upon this theme the opinion of the Holy See. It is the wish of the Holy See that the governors of all nations should sincerely believe themselves installed by the will of Almighty God into their position of high authority, *The Holy See has never framed a dogma upon the subject of legitimacy.* The Holy See desires all nations to submit at all times to the dictates of the secular laws of their respective governments, provided their conscience and religious convictions should approve of the same, and urges also obedience to authorities. *The Holy See does not extend any preference to any particular form of government.* It rests content as long as religious education is imparted to the children, where no attempts are made in abolishing the holy sacraments, where no interference in dogmatical matters are caused. It desires that the rights of the Church be respected, and ecclesiastical authority be supported, in order to stimulate and strengthen in the hearts of men a veneration of Almighty God.

"Regents as well as Presidents of Republics can bring this to pass. It is, therefore, upon these grounds that the Holy See consented to the recognition of both these forms of government, and has so acted, not from any selfish motive, but convinced of discharging thereby an important duty. Reigning families are just as likely to die out as any other family. In such an event it would depend entirely upon chances and circumstances as to who may be placed upon the throne as successor. These events most assuredly do never occur without the permission of the King of kings, and it is then for his Vicar on earth to defend the righteous.

"How many legitimate reigning families have not lost, by the dispensation of Providence, their claim to their throne! The principle of legitimacy is not at all to be considered; but are we not falling into an error in imposing its vindication, under any circumstances, upon the Pope, even then, when it was forfeited by reason of the wrongs done by such families; or, is it presumed that the functions of the bishops and priests differ in one state, whether monarchy or republic, from another?"

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It is said that it has been agreed that in future conclaves a Pope of any nationality may be elected. Now, it is certain that in one sense this is nothing new, for there have been Popes of French, German, Spanish, and English birth before now. But precedent and custom have laid it down as a rule for the last three hundred years that an Italian should be chosen. This was very



natural under the circumstances of the case. To the faithful generally, it did not matter one way or another what nationality the Pope was. They received him as the Father of the faithful and as belonging to no particular nationality. At the same time it was natural also that the people of the Papal States should prefer a native as their king and temporal ruler. But now there is no obligation on the part of the Catholic world to consider the whims of the Roman people, who, to so great an extent have agreed to submit to the yoke of a sacrilegious tyrant and a usurping government. The presence of the Pope in Rome is a source of great pecuniary profit to the Romans, on account of the vast number of pilgrims and visitors it attracts; 300,000 visitors are expected on the 21st of May next; therefore it is no doubt proper that the choice of his Cardinals, in the event of the Pope's death, should not be restricted even by custom, and that they should be free to select a Pope of any nationality.

CATHOLIC writers and speakers continue to devote much time to the educational question. But, after all, the *workers* are those who take the most practical course. While the grass is growing the horse may starve, and while we are demonstrating that the public school system is wrong, thousands of persons have no recourse, but to avail themselves of it, in order to give their children some education.

The other alternative, which is to allow them to grow up ignorant, is not to be thought of. The times do not allow it.

We are therefore glad to see that some of the Catholic papers, eschewing mere argumentation, have gone to work to show what are the practical steps to be taken in order to secure good Catholic schools. They seem to come to the following conclusions:

*First.*—Every parish should have a parochial school. This school should not be held in the basement of a church, or in a building unfit for the purpose. If, however, necessity or economy compels the use of a basement, the schools should be clean, well fitted up, and attractive in appearance.

*Second.*—Endeavors should be made to establish good Normal Schools for the supply of teachers. Teaching is an art, and one which it is as necessary to learn as any other art.

*Third.*—A regular system of grading, good text-books, and careful pastoral supervision, are imperative.

PEACE has been concluded between Turkey and Servia on terms rather humiliating to the latter, but less so than the Turkish victories would have warranted in ordi-

nary circumstances. The war has been a bloody one, and horrible cruelties have been perpetrated; but it was impossible for Servia, deprived of Russia, to continue a contest with Turkey. The only result of further hostilities would have been that the Turkish banners alone would have floated over Belgrade.

Russia appears to be waiting for the other European powers to reply to her last note. In the meanwhile she has 250,000 men on the Pruth and ready to cross that river *en route* through Roumania to the Danube.

England is reported to have sent a note to St. Petersburg, in which she says that Turkey should be allowed time to carry out the reforms she has promised.

The first elections for the Turkish Parliament have taken place, and very singular results have occurred. We suppose that, when the Turks become familiar with "Returning Boards," and decisions 8 to 7, they will become quite expert in constitutional practices. Perhaps after awhile they may have two Pashas, each with legislatures of their own, in Bulgaria and Bosnia, and send "Committees of Investigation" to Syria to see if a fair election has been had, and no "bulldozing" permitted!

THE late discoveries in Greece, on the site of Mycenæ, are extremely interesting. On the 28th of November Dr. Schliemann, with "unbounded joy," informed the King of Greece of the surprising success of his labors. He thinks he has discovered the monuments of the Grecian heroes of whom the traditions preserved by Pausanias make mention, and the palpable evidence sustains the truth of the stories so familiar to school-boys. He has unearthed the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon, and their companions, who were killed while banqueting at Mycenæ, by Clytemnestra, the faithless wife of Agamemnon, and her paramour and his cousin, Ægisthus. Agamemnon had just returned from his successful siege of Troy, whither he had gone to assist his brother Menelaus in rescuing his abducted wife, Helen, the sister of the corrupt and murderous Clytemnestra, when he met his predicted fate. These discoveries seem to show, first, that the ancient civilization was very much more complete than we have supposed; and secondly, that the accounts left us by the classic writers have been faithfully preserved to us by the industry of the monks, and that these authors themselves were faithful and accurate in their accounts.

WE notice, in the correspondence of the St. Louis *Globe*, some interesting statistics of the state of Catholicity in New York. It

says: "This is one of the great strongholds of Catholicism, being, it is said, the second largest Catholic city in all Christendom, Paris only exceeding it. When it is remembered that we have 40,000 German Catholics, 40,000 Irish, 25,000 French, 15,000 Italians, 10,000 Spanish, and several thousand Portuguese and other Europeans, nearly all of whom are at least nominal Catholics, the preponderance will not be wondered at. It is highly probable that New York contains more determined, down-right Catholics than any other capital. The churches here number, it is said, nearly sixty of all kinds, many of them very ordinary, although it is expected that the new Cathedral, in upper Fifth Avenue, will, when finished, be the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the metropolis."

We have sometimes thought that numerous as are the churches and the masses celebrated in them, yet that still there is hardly room enough for all the Catholics of New York to hear mass. The Cathedral of Brooklyn has been commenced, and will cost \$2,000,000.

We believe we can say with truth that there is no country in the world that possesses such an active hierarchy and clergy as the United States. Just look at the Almanac, or at any one of the Catholic weekly newspapers, and the reader will be surprised to see the number of churches built or repaired, convents and schools erected, missions given and priests ordained. In every section of the country, from North to South and East to West, the work is everywhere the same. Immense sums are contributed by the faithful for these purposes, and everything is done that these sums may be well expended.

While this is the case as regards material progress, the spiritual condition of the people is also better than in many so-called Catholic countries. We believe that, in the number of Catholic communicants, in the vocations to a religious life, in the innumerable good and pious persons who live "in the world and not of it," and in the intelligent love of many for the Church, America has no reason to fear comparison with any country.

THE Conference of the great powers on the Eastern question has drawn up a set of proposals to the Turkish government in reference to the reforms they demand to be carried into execution without delay. What these reforms are does not seem very clearly stated. That they go to the root of the matter is tolerably certain; that they demand a virtual autonomy for Bulgaria and considerable reforms is evident from the resistance

of the Turkish government to them, but that they go as far as Russia would desire is not the fact. War between Russia and Turkey still remains imminent, and that it will be a bloody and determined one may be predicted with certainty.

PROTESTANTS often point with pride, and with some justice also, to the daily press, and claim that the ability with which it is conducted, and the talent displayed in it is an indication that Protestantism is more conducive to intellectual advancement than Catholicity. But it may be news to many that a far larger proportion than some suppose, of the newspaper talent, both of England and America, is Catholic. The *London Times*, *Punch*, and many of the Manchester and Liverpool journals have Catholics on their staff. The *Saturday Review*, of London, has many Catholic writers; and here in America we venture to say that there is hardly any leading journal but what has Catholic writers on its staff.

BISHOP IRELAND says there is room in his colony in Minnesota for those who will work, but that there is no room for "Young Americans whose tastes and talents fit them to do anything that does not require hard labor." There is a very large number of these unfortunately, and we hope they will diminish. It is one of the evils of the day that the notion of "genteel employments," that curse and bane of English middle-class life, is becoming far too common in America. In England this notion causes young men to crowd the ranks of impecunious doctors, lawyers, etc., and it was unknown in the better and purer days of America. There is no such thing as a "respectable" employment. All honest work is respectable.

THE discovery of an inscription in the Osprian Catacombs of Rome by Signor Armellini, has forever set at rest a question which, indeed, had not been ever doubted, either by Catholics or by sincere Protestants, and that is the presence and residence of St. Peter in Rome. This inscription has even converted the *Saturday Review*, and henceforth that sarcastic journal will pour its vials of contempt on any one who ventures to doubt it.

A GRAND pilgrimage of Irish and Canadian Catholics will leave New York on April 21st, in order to be present in Rome on the Golden Jubilee of the Pope's Episcopate. American Catholics are freely invited to join this pilgrimage, and we already hear of many who intend going to Rome.



THE life of the venerable Father Keenan, the late Pastor of St. Mary's, Lancaster, Pa., which had extended to nearly a century, was marked by few events of note; but his pastorate of over fifty years covers a large portion of the history of the Catholic Church in America. He was a contemporary of Prince Gallitzin, of Bishop England, of Archbishops Hughes and Kenrick, as well as of many other saints and fathers of the Catholic Church in America.

It has often occurred to us that there must be a vast fund of information, and many interesting details of early Catholic history in America, rapidly passing away and being forgotten. The lives of Father Keenan and of the Venerable Father McElroy, S. J., should be written by some one well acquainted with their characteristics. The former was ordained in 1821; the latter in 1817.

A CONSISTORY of the Sacred College of Cardinals was held at Rome on Monday, 12th instant, at which twelve new cardinals were created, viz.: Monsignor Æneas Sbarretti, Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars; Monsignor Frederic de Falloux du Coudray, Regent of the Apostolic Chancery; Monsignor Howard, an English Prelate, one of the Pope's Domestic Chaplains; Monsignor Francesco Sayerio Apuzzo, Archbishop of Capua; Monsignor Luigi Serafini, Bishop of Viterbo, Italy; Monsignor Barnardi, Patriarch of the West Indies; Father Bernardina da Portogruaro, General of the Franciscan Order; Monsignor Lorenzo Nina, Assessor of the Holy Office; Monsignor Garcia Gil, Archbishop of Saragossa, Spain; Monsignor Payarico, Archbishop of Compostella; Monsignor Canova, Archbishop of Rheims; Monsignor Caverat, Archbishop of Lyons.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, and among the compensations of the present position in Italy, we may notice the increase of devotion among the faithful and the whole world to the Pope.

Among the measures resolved upon regarding the future conclave, is one by which it is established that any Cardinal may be elected to succeed Pope Pius IX, irrespective of his nationality, thus setting on one side the previous rule by which Italians only could be chosen. There has been much discussion on this point between the Pope and some of the Cardinals, but the opinion prevailed that the choice ought to be absolutely free. This determination will be communicated to all the Cardinals.

THE British Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, but the royal speech gives no indications of any change in the English policy towards Ireland. We notice that a large number of bills on various questions are to be brought forward. The usual attempts will be made to settle the educational and the land questions, and Mr. Butt will bring forward Home Rule in the course of the session. The trouble, however, seems to be that the Home Rule party does not command the adherence either of the Nationalists proper, who look to force alone as capable of obtaining for Ireland legislative and national independence, or of the clergy. The party was certainly stronger in Ireland two years ago than it is now.

THE two following items of news are very interesting. The Rev. John Moore, D.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, of Charleston, S. C., has been appointed Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., *vice* Bishop Verot, deceased; and the Rev. Vincent Vinye, O. P., prior of the Dominican convent at Benicia, Cal., Coadjutor of Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley.

THE Rector of the American College, Mgr. Chatard, was lately attacked with fever, and his eyes suffered from a dangerous affection brought on by over study. He recovered from these ailments, but his physician ordered rest, and recommended a visit to his native land as the best means of perfectly restoring his health. He intends to return to his important duties in Rome in October next.

THERE are few signs more promising for the future of the Church in America, than the continued movement to and fro between us and Rome. To Rome go many of our ecclesiastical students, and it is generally remarked that those who study there have the "ecclesiastical spirit" strongly marked.

HURON is the name of a new territory which is to be formed in Dakota. It extends from Red River to the 104th meridian, with Minnesota to the east and Montana to the west. The territory is fertile, and forms a vast prairie, parts of which are adapted for the raising of stock, and parts for the cultivation of wheat.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE. By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Two volumes. London: Burns & Oates, 1876.

This work is founded on the Latin *Harmony of the Gospels*, which was published by Father Coleridge several years ago.

The study of the Gospels, always important, has become specially so in this age. To reap fully, however, the fruits of such study, it is not enough to meditate upon separate parts of our Lord's life, but to endeavor to form an idea of it as a complete whole. For this a *Harmony of the Gospels* is highly necessary; and this, too, constitutes the most important use and object of a Harmony. The reconciling the seeming difficulties which infidels delight in ferreting out and exaggerating forms, it is true, one purpose of a harmony, but by no means its highest purpose.

The characteristic differences of the four Evangelists have long been known and pointed out by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, as have also the causes of these differences arising from the particular circumstances under which, and the special purposes for which, each Gospel was written. No one of them was intended, nor indeed the whole four, to be a complete history of our Divine Lord's life in the flesh. Each of the Evangelists had a special purpose in view,\*and composed his Gospel with that purpose constantly in his mind. One, St. Matthew, wrote specially for the instruction of the Christian converts in Judea; another for the Christians at Rome; another for the Gentile converts of Asia Minor; while the fourth and last had evidently as his purpose to supplement the history of our Lord as to matters which had not fallen within the scope of the other three Evangelists, to bring out more fully some things which they had omitted or but slightly touched upon, and also to record more copiously than they the theological and sacramental teachings of our Saviour and his discourses to his disciples during Holy Week. The Evangelists may be likened, to use a simile of the writer of the work before us, to four different artists, each sketching, from different points of view, the same magnificent building. No two of the sketches will be alike, yet each, if the artists are all accurate, will truly represent the building. Persons unacquainted with the building may imagine that there are discrepancies in the sketches, but those who are acquainted with it will easily reconcile the seeming discrepancies, and be able to testify to the truthfulness of each of the sketches.

The following beautiful passage from the preface of the work shows the design of the author and the purpose he had in view:

"I shall not have labored in vain if I can help Catholics of all classes among us to become more and more practically familiar with the gospel history. The gospels are the inheritance of the Christian people in all ages, but an intelligent acquaintance with them would be a specially powerful protection against the sophistries and illusions of our own time. From the highest forms of Protestantism down to the lowest phases of opinion, hardly to be called Christianity, from the objections which are raised under the name of science and history to the most unsubstantial of subjective dreamings, theological error as well as sentimental wilfulness, Universalism, and immorality as well as sectarian obstinacy—all popular forms of falsehood and deception—drop off into dust before the true knowledge of our Lord. And, on the other hand, the Four Gospels contain all the heavenly lore which the Church has developed as to the practice of virtue, the path of perfection, union with God, the highest and most continued prayer. These are treasures which belong to all the children of God, and the shrine in which they are all stored up is the Life of Jesus Christ."

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY WEEK, according to the *Roman Missal and Breviary*, in Latin and English. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, 1877.

The passion, death, and resurrection of our Divine Lord, cannot but be subjects of the deepest interest to every devout Christian. The Church celebrates these great mysteries with special solemnity. Hence, while every part of her sacred liturgy is directed to the end of celebrating the passion and death of the Redeemer, the Church's offices are more solemn and more multiplied during Holy Week than during any other week in the whole year, and are most especially adapted to excite in the hearts of the faithful those sentiments of love and gratitude, of compassion for our Divine Lord, of sorrow and of detestation of sin, which Christians ought always to cherish, but especially in this holy time.

In the volume before us the whole liturgy of the Church for the Holy Week is collected. For the purpose of apprehending with full intelligence the solemn significance of the Church's offices, and following them devoutly through the different transactions of Holy Week, a copy of a work like this is a great help. Thus, as is well said in the preface, "while the pious Christian unites his voice with that of the priest and of the choir, he may also penetrate the sense of the divine office, and sanction by the fervor of his heart what he pronounces with his tongue."

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